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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE chief object which now attracts the attention of literary men is their probable enfranchisement. Graduates of the Universities of the British Islands are to have a vote. So far this is a move in the right direction; but the whole question must ere long be taken up and discussed in a fair and philosophical spirit. At present property alone forms the basis of franchise; but not even property on a great and comprehensive scale. I may have funded hoards, and they will avail me nothing, unless I rent a house of a certain rental, or rather rating. I may be the most distinguished of philosophers, or the greatest of poets; but I am not therefore to have any vote for legislative purposes. All the scholarship in the world will not put me on a level with the green-grocer or chimney-sweeper who keeps a lodging-house for travellers. Now the Bill at present before the House does profess to make education a ground of franchise; and it is well that the Master of Arts or Doctor of Law or Medicine should have his vote, even if he be a member of a Scottish University. But, after all, this is but a small measure—it should be carried out to its full legitimate extent. We would propose that every proof of enlarged and liberal education should be taken to qualify for the franchise; and, in most cases, it would not increase the number of electors. Many a man who now votes as a householder would be far more proud of his vote if he could exercise it as a member of the College of Surgeons, an attorney or solicitor duly admitted to practise in her Majesty's courts, a barrister-at-law, a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, a royal academian, or an associate of the Academy, the bearer of any commission in the army, navy, or militia, a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, a clergyman of the Church of England, whether a graduate or not, the minister of any congregation of Protestant Dissenters. These are classes of persons who do for the most part possess the franchise as it is; but it would be a recognition of art, science, literature, and education, were the ground of their franchise removed from the lower to the higher category. We would therefore suggest that, taking the educational franchise as a great improvement on the past, it should be extended to the following classes of persons:—

1. As proposed, to all graduates of British Universities.
2. To all recognised and licensed ministers of religion, irrespective of their academical degrees.
3. To all attorneys, solicitors, conveyancers, special pleaders, and barristers-at-law.
4. To all surgeons, apothecaries, and physicians regularly certificated.
5. To all members and associates of the Royal Academy, and to all exhibitors at its annual exhibition; and to all members of the Royal Academy of Music.
6. To all persons holding commissions in the army, navy, corps of marines, yeomanry cavalry, or militia.
7. To all Fellows of the Royal Antiquarian, Geographical, Geological, or other chartered Societies, and to all certificated schoolmasters.
8. In case of the proposed reform in the civil service taking place, the franchise might be advantageously bestowed on all who have, as the result of examination, obtained any post in its ranks.

These classes would probably include all the education and intelligence of the kingdom not yet entitled to vote; and it is very unlikely that by adopting the plan in its fullest extent, the number of voters would be materially increased. A few difficulties of detail must occur even with the incomplete scheme of the Government. How, for instance, is a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge to prove the fact that he is so? He has no parchments stamped with the seal of his university; his degree can be proved only by a visit to his college; but these difficulties would, no doubt, be soon met, and satisfactorily obviated.

The bestowal of the franchise on the University of London and on the Inns of Court is a further step in the same direction; and it would certainly be no more than fair were the restriction now laid on the clergy, and which disqualifies them from becoming Members of Parliament, removed. Any dissenting minister may obtain a seat if he can find a constituency, and some are now sitting in the House. It would surely be sufficient to exclude the *beneficial* parochial clergy, whose time is or ought to be devoted to their parishes. SYDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE would do more good in the House of Commons than in any other sphere of action.

The International Copyright Bill is making progress in America; but it is likely to be spoiled by the interference of the piratical interest. There are two ways in which the proposed act of justice is to be attacked: one is that which we have already noticed—the plan of levying a duty of 25 per cent. on all modern books imported into the States; the other,

the requiring that no book shall be protected from piracy unless it becomes to a certain extent the property of an American publisher. An English author may sell, according to this scheme, his title to a copy-right in America to a publisher in that country, and the American publisher may hold the right thus acquired; but still, if the book be printed, and a copy reaches America *before* the right in that country is disposed of, then the work may lawfully be pirated. The effect will be that he who has at once reputation enough, tact enough, and activity enough to secure an American publisher, before his work appears here, may obtain some small remuneration—not much in general; for the American will say, "I cannot give a large sum for a book of which I know nothing, which may or may not succeed, and which at all events (unless somebody else makes a blind bargain of it) I can reprint as soon as it does appear, without any payment at all." Still it will be possible for a few persons to make a small sum; but we trust this will not be accepted, even as an instalment of justice.

At Liverpool an attempt is being made to consolidate the literary and scientific societies of the town, so as to make an institute worthy of so great and important a community. The plan deserves consideration, were it only on account of the example which it sets. If something of the same kind were done in London, we have materials which would be available for greatly increasing the interest felt for and in science and literature. Why should there not be an "Institute of Great Britain and Ireland," with its various academies made by connecting and affiliating the great chartered societies?

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

EDGAR POE.

WE have sometimes amused ourselves by conjecturing, had the history of human genius run differently—had all men of that class been as wise and prudent and good as too many of them have been improvident, foolish, and depraved—had we had a virtuous Burns, a pure Byron, a Goldsmith with common-sense, a Coleridge with self-control, and a Poe with sobriety—what a different world it had been; what each of these surpassing spirits might have done to advance, refine, and purify society; what a host of "minor prophets" had been found among the array of the poets of our own country! For more than the influence of kings, or rulers, or statesmen, or clergymen—though it were multiplied tenfold—is that of the "Makers" whose winged words pass through all lands, tingle in all ears, touch all hearts, and in all circumstances are remembered and come humming around us—in the hours of labour, in the intervals of business, in trouble, and sorrow, and sickness, and on the bed of death itself; who enjoy, in fact, a kind of omnipresence—whose thoughts have over us the threefold grasp of beauty, language, and music—and to whom at times "all power is given" in the "dreadful trance" of their genius, to move our beings to their foundations, and to make us better or worse, lower or higher men, according to their pleasure. Yet true it is, and pitiful as true, that these "makers"—themselves made of the finest clay—have often been "marred," and that the history of poets is one of the saddest and most humbling in the records of the world—sad and humbling especially because the poet is ever seen side-by-side with his own ideal, that graven image of himself he has set up with his own hands, and his failure or fall are judged accordingly. There is considerable truth in the remark made by poor Cowper. He says in his correspondence: "I have lately finished eight volumes of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; in all that number I observe but one man whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion, and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins. But from the lives of all the rest there is but one inference to be drawn: that poets are a very worthless, wicked set of people." This is certainly too harsh, since these lives include the names of Addison, Watts, Young, and Milton; but it contains a portion of truth. Poets, as a tribe, have been rather a worthless, wicked set of people; and certainly Edgar Poe, instead of being an exception, was probably the most worthless and wicked of all his fraternity.

And yet we must say, in justice, that the very greatest poets have been good as well as great. Shakspeare—judging him by his class and age—was undoubtedly, to say the least, a respectable member of society, as well as a warm-hearted and generous man. Dante and Milton we need only name. And these are "the first three" in the poetic army. Wordsworth, Young, Cowper, Southey, Bowles, Crabbe, Pol-

lok, are inferior but still great names, and they were all, in different measures, good men. And of late years, indeed, the instances of depraved genius have become rarer and rarer: so much so that we are disposed to trace a portion of Poe's renown to the fact that he stood forth an exception so gross, glaring, and defiant, to what was fast becoming a general rule.

In character he was certainly one of the strangest anomalies in the history of mankind. Many men as dissipated as he have had warm hearts, honourable feelings, and have been loved and pitied by all. Many, in every other respect worthless, have had some one or two redeeming points; and the combination of "one virtue and a thousand crimes" has not been uncommon. Others have the excuse of partial derangement for errors otherwise monstrous and unpardonable. But none of these pleas can be made for Poe. He was no more a gentleman than he was a saint. (His heart was as rotten as his conduct was infamous. He knew not what the terms honour and honourable meant. He had absolutely no virtue or good quality, unless you call remorse a virtue and despair a grace. Some have called him mad; but we confess we see no evidence of this in his history. He showed himself, in many instances, a cool, calculating, deliberate blackguard.) He was never mad, except when in delirium tremens. His intellect at all other times was of the clearest, sharpest, and most decisive kind. A large heart has often beat in the bosom of a debauchee; but (Poe had not one spark of genuine tenderness, unless it were for his wife, whose heart, nevertheless, and constitution, he broke—hurrying her to a premature grave, that he might write *Annabel Lee* and *The Raven*!) His conduct to his patron, and to the lady mentioned in his memoirs, whom he threatened to cover with infamy if she did not lend him money, was purely diabolical. (He was, in short, a combination, in almost equal proportions, of the fiend, the brute, and the genius.) One might call him one of the Gadarene swine, filled with a devil, and hurrying down a steep place to perish in the waves; but none could deny that—to use an expression applied first to a celebrated female author of the day—he was a "swine of genius."

He has been compared to Swift, to Burns, to Sheridan, to De Quincey, and to Hazlitt; but in none of these cases does the comparison fully hold. Swift had probably as black crimes on his conscience as Poe; but Swift could feel and could create in others the emotion of warmest friendship, and his outward conduct was irreproachable—it was otherwise with the Yankee Yahoo. Burns had many errors, poor fellow! but they were "all of the flesh, none of the spirit;" he was originally one of the noblest of natures; and during all his career nothing mean or dishonourable or black-hearted was ever charged against him; he was an erring man—but still a *man*. Sheridan was a sad scamp, but had a kind of *bonhomie* about him which carried off in part your feeling of disgust; and, although false to his party, he was in general true to his friends. De Quincey is of an order so entirely different from Poe that we must apologise for introducing their names into the same sentence—the one being a very amiable, and the other having been the most hardened and heartless of men; the only point of comparison in fact between them being their poverty. Hazlitt's faults were deep and dark; but he was what Poe was not—an intensely honest and upright man; and he paid the penalty thereof in unheard-of abuse and proscription. In order to parallel Poe we must go back to Savage, and Dermody. If our readers will turn to the first or second volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*, they will find an account of the last-mentioned, which will remind them very much of Poe's dark and discreditable history. Dermody, like Poe, was an habitual drunkard, licentious, false, treacherous, and capable of everything that was mean, base, and malignant; but, unlike Poe, his genius was not far above mediocrity. Hartley Coleridge, too, may recur to some as a case in point; but, although he was often, according to a statement we heard once from Christopher North, "dead drunk at ten o'clock in the morning," he was, both out of and in his cups, a harmless being, and a thorough gentleman—amiable, and as the phrase goes, "no body's enemy but his own."

How are we to account for this sad and miserable story? That Poe's circumstances were precarious from the first—that he was left an orphan—that without his natural protector he became early exposed to temptation—that his life was

wandering and unsettled;—all this does not explain the utter and reckless abandonment of his conduct, far less his systematic want of truth, and the dark sinistrous malice which rankled in his bosom. Habitual drunkenness does indeed tend to harden the heart; but if Poe had possessed any heart originally, it might, as well as in the case of other dissipated men of genius, have resisted, and only in part yielded to the induration; and why did he permit himself to become the abject slave of the vice? The poet very properly puts "lust hard by hate" (and hence, perhaps, the proverbial fierceness of the bull), and Poe was as licentious as he was intemperate; but the question recurs, why? We are driven to one of two suppositions: either that his moral nature was more than usually depraved *ab origine*—that, as some have maintained, "conscience was omitted" in his constitution; or that, by the unrestrained indulgence of his passions, he, as John Bunyan has it, "tempted the devil," and became the bound victim of infernal influence. In this age of scepticism such a theory is sure to be laughed at, but is not the less likely to be true. If ever man in modern times resembled at least a demoniac, "exceeding fierce, and dwelling among tombs"—possessed now by a spirit of fury, and now by a spirit of falsehood, and now by an "unclean spirit"—it was Poe, as he rushed with his eyes open into every excess of riot; or entered the house of his intended bride on the night before the anticipated marriage, and committed such outrages as to necessitate a summons of the police to remove the drunk and raving demon; or ran howling through the midnight like an evil spirit on his way to the Red Sea, battered by the rains, beaten by the winds, waving aloft his arms in frenzy, cursing loud and deep Man—Himself—God—and proclaiming that he was already damned, and damned for ever. In demoniac possession too, of a different kind, it was that he fancied the entire secret of the making of the universe to be revealed to him, and went about everywhere shouting "Eureka"—a title, too, which he gave to the strange and splendid lecture in which he recorded the memorable illusion. And when the spirit of talk came at times mightily upon him—when the "witch element" seemed to surround him—when his brow flushed like an evening cloud—when his eyes glared wild lightning—when his hair stood up like the locks of a Bacchante—when his chest heaved, and his voice rolled and swelled like subterranean thunder—men, admiring, fearing, and wondering, said, "He hath a demon, yea, seven devils are entered into him." His tongue was then "set on fire," but set on fire of hell; and its terrific inspiration raved out of every gesture and look, and spake in every tone.

"Madness!" it will be cried again; but that word does not fully express the nature of Poe's excitement in these fearful hours. There was no incoherence either in his matter or in his words. There was, amid all the eloquence and poetry of his talk, a vein of piercing, searching, logical, but sinister thought. All his faculties were shown in the same lurid light, and touched by the same torch of the furies. All blazed emulous of each other's fire. The awful soul which had entered his soul formed an exact counterpart to it, and the haggard "dream was one." One is reminded of the words of Aird, in his immortal poem *The Demoniac*:—

Perhaps by hopeless passions bound,
And render'd weak, the mastery a demon o'er him found:
Reason and duty all, all life, his being all became
Subservient to the wild, strange law that overbears his frame;
And in the dead hours of the night, when happier children
lie
In slumbers seal'd, he journeys far the flowing rivers by,
And oft he haunts the sepulchres, where the thin shoals of
ghosts
Flit shivering from death's chilling dews; to their unbodied
hosts
That churn through night their feeble plaint, he yells; at
the red morn
Meets the great armies of the winds, high o'er the moun-
tains borne,
Leaping against their viewless rage, tossing his arms on
high,
And hanging balanced o'er sheer steep against the morning
sky.

We are tempted to add the following lines; partly for their Dantesque power, and partly because they describe still more energetically than the last quotation such a tremendous possession as was Herman's in fiction and Poe's in reality:—

He rose; a smother'd gleam
Was on his brow; with fierce notes roll'd his eye's distem-
per'd beam;
He smiled, 'twas as the lightning of a hope about to die
For ever from the furrow'd brows of Hell's eternity;

Like sun-warmed snakes, rose on his head a storm of golden
hair,
Tangled; and thus on Miriam fell hot breathings of despair:
"Perish the breasts that gave me milk! yea, in thy
mould'ring heart,
Good thrifty roots I'll plant, to stay next time my hunger's
smart.

Red-vein'd derived apples I shall eat with savage haste,
And see thy life-blood blushing through, and glory in the
taste.

Herman, in the poem, has a demon sent into his heart, in divine sovereignty, and that he may be cured by the power of Christ. But Poe had Satan substituted for soul, apparently to torment him before the time; and we do not see him ere the end, sitting, "clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus." He died, as he had lived, a raving, cursing, self-condemned, conscious cross between the fiend and the genius, believing nothing, hoping nothing, loving nothing, fearing nothing—himself his own God and his own devil—a solitary wretch, who had cut off every bridge that connected him with the earth around and the heavens above. This, however, let us say in his favour—he has died "alone in his iniquity;" he has never, save by his example (so far as we know his works), sought to shake faith, or sap morality. His writings may be morbid, but they are pure; and, if his life was bad, has he not left it as a legacy to moral anatomists, who have met and wondered over it, although they have given up all attempt at dissection or diagnosis, shaking the head, and leaving it alone in its shroud, with the solemn whispered warning to the world, and especially to its stronger and brighter spirits, "Beware."

A case so strange as Poe's compels us into new and more searching forms of critical, as well as of moral analysis. Genius has very generally been ascribed to him; but some will resist and deny the ascription—proceeding partly upon peculiar notions of what genius is, and partly from a very natural reluctance to concede to a wretch so vile a gift so noble, and in a degree, too, so unusually large. Genius has often been defined as something inseparably connected with the *genial* nature. If this definition be correct, Poe was not a genius any more than Swift, for geniality neither he nor his writings possessed. But if genius mean a compound of imagination and inventiveness, original thought, heated by passion, and accompanied by power of fancy, Poe was a man of great genius. In wanting geniality, however, he wanted all that makes genius lovely and beloved, at once beautiful and dear. A man of genius, without geniality, is a mountain, clad in snow, companioned by tempests, and visited only by hardy explorers who love sublime nakedness, and to snatch a fearful joy from gazing down black precipices; a man whose genius is steeped in the genial nature is an Autumn landscape, suggesting not only images of beauty, and giving thrills of delight, but yielding peaceful and plenteous fruits, and in which the heart finds a rest and a home. From the one the timid, the weak, and the gentle retire in a terror which overpowers their admiration; but in the other the lowliest and feeblest find shelter and repose. Even Dante and Milton, owing to the excess of their intellectual and imaginative powers over their genial feelings, are less loved than admired, while the vast supremacy of Shakspeare is due not merely to his universal genius, but to the predominance of geniality and heart in all his writings. You can envy and even hate Dante and Milton—and had Shakspeare only written his loftier tragedies, you might have hated and envied him too; but who can entertain any such feelings for the author of the *Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night*, the creator of Falstaff, Dogberry, and Verres? If Genius be the sun, geniality is the atmosphere through which alone his beams can penetrate with power or be seen with pleasure.

Poe is distinguished by many styles and many manners. He is the author of fictions, as matter-of-fact in their construction and language as the stories of Defoe, and of tales as weird and wonderful as those of Hoffman—of amatory strains trembling, if not with heart, with passion, and suffused with the purple glow of love—and of poems, dirges either in form or in spirit, into which the genius of desolation has shed its dreariest essence—of verses, gay with apparent, but shallow joy, and of others dark with a misery which reminds us of the helpless, hopeless, infinite misery which sometimes visits the soul in dreams. But, amid all this diversity of tone and of subject, the leading qualities of his mind are obvious. These consist of strong imagination—an imagination, however, more fertile in incidents, forms, and characters, than in images;

keen power of analysis, rather than synthetic genius; immense inventiveness; hot passions, cooled down by the presence of art, till they resemble sculptured flame, or "lightning in the hand of a painted Jupiter;" knowledge rather *recherché* and varied than strict, accurate, or profound; and an unlimited command of words, phrases, musical combinations of sound, and all the other materials of an intellectual workman. The direction of these powers was controlled principally by his habits and circumstances. These made him morbid; and his writings have all a certain morbidity about them. You say at once, cool and clear as most of them are, these are not the productions of a healthy or happy man. But surely never was there such a calm despair—such a fiery torment so cased in ice! When you compare the writings with the known facts of the author's history, they appear to be so like, and so unlike, his character. You seem looking at an inverted image. You have the features, but they are discovered at an unexpected angle. You see traces of the misery of a confirmed debauchee, but none of his disconnected ravings, or of the partial imbecility which often falls upon his powers. There is a strict, almost logical, method in his wildest productions. He tells us himself that he wrote *The Raven* as coolly as if he had been working out a mathematical problem. His frenzy is a conscious one—he feels his own pulse when it is at the wildest, and looks at his foaming lips in the looking-glass. You are reminded of the figure of Mephistopheles in Retsch's illustrations of Faust, sitting on the infernal steed, which is moving at the pace of the whirlwind, with the calm of perfect indifference.

Poe was led by a singular attraction to all dark, dreadful, and disgusting objects and thoughts—mahlstroms, mysteries, murders, mummies, premature burials, excursions to the moon, solitary mansions surrounded by mist and weighed down by mysterious dooms, lonely tarns, trembling to the winds of autumn and begirt by the shivering ghosts of woods. These are the materials which his wild imagination loves to work with, and out of them to weave the most fantastic and dismal of worlds. Yet there's "magic in the web." You often revert at his subjects; but no sooner does he enter on them, than your attention is riveted, you lend him your ears—nay, that is a feeble word, you surrender your whole being to him for a season, although it be as you succumb, body and soul, to the dominion of a nightmare. What greatly increases the effect, as in *Gulliver's Travels*, is the circumstantiality with which he recounts the most amazing and incredible things. His tales, too, are generally cast into the autobiographical form, which adds much to their living vraisemblance and vivid power. It is Coleridge's "Old Mariner" over again. Strange, wild, terrible, is the tale he has to tell; haggard, woe-begone, unearthly, is the appearance of the narrator. Every one at first, like the wedding guest, is disposed to shrink and beat his breast; but he holds you with his glittering eye, he forces you to follow him into his own enchanted region,—and once there, you forget everything, your home, your friends, your creed, your very personal identity, and become swallowed up like a straw in the mahlstrom of his story, and forget to breathe till it is ended, and the mysterious tale-teller is gone. And during all the wild and whirling narrative, the same chilly glitter has continued to shine in his eye, his blood has never warmed, and he has never exalted his voice above a thrilling whisper.

(Poe's power may perhaps be said to be divisible into two parts—first, that of adding an air of circumstantial verity to incredibilities; and secondly, that of throwing a weird lustre upon commonplace events.) He tells fiction so minutely and with such apparent simplicity and sincerity, that you almost believe it true; and he so combines and so recounts such incidents as you meet with every day in the newspapers that you feel truth to be stranger far than fiction. Look, as a specimen of the first, to his Descent into the Mahlstrom, and to his Hans Pfaal's Journey to the Moon. Both are impossible; the former as much so as the latter; but he tells them with such Dante-like directness, and such Defoe-like minuteness, holding his watch and marking, as it were, every second in the progress of each stupendous lie—that you rub your eyes at the close, and ask the question, Might not all this actually have occurred? And then turn to the Murders in the Rue St. Morgue, or to the Mystery of Marie Roget, and see how, by the disposition of the drapery he throws over little

or ordinary incidents, connected indeed with an extraordinary catastrophe, he lends

The light which never was on sea or shore
to streets of revelry and vulgar sin, and to
streams whose sluggish waters are never dis-
turbed save by the plash of murdered victims, or
by the plunge of suicides desperately hurling
their bodies to the fishes, and their souls to the
flames of Hell.

In one point, Poe bears a striking resemblance
to his own illustrious countryman, Brockden
Brown—neither resort to agency absolutely
supernatural, in order to produce their terrific
effects. They despise to start a ghost from the
grave—they look upon this as a cheap and *fade-
expedient*—they appeal to the “mightier might” of
the human passions, or to those strange unsolved
phenomena in the human mind, which the terms
mesmerism and somnambulism serve rather to
disguise than to discover, and sweat out from their
native soil superstitions far more powerful than
those of the past. Once only does Poe approach
the brink of the purely preternatural—it is in
that dreary tale, the “Fall of the House of
Usher,” and yet nothing so discovers the mastery
of the writer as the manner in which he avoids,
while nearing the gulf. There is really nothing
after all in the strange incidents of that story,
but what natural principles can explain. But
Poe so arranges and adjusts the singular circum-
stances to each other, and weaves around them
such an artful mist, that they produce a most un-
earthly effect. He separates the feeling of super-
natural fear from the consciousness of super-
natural agency, and gives you it entire, “lifting
the skin from the scalp to the ancles.” Perhaps
some may think that he has fairly crossed the
line in that dialogue between Charnian and
Iras, describing the conflagration of the world.
But, even there, how admirably does he produce a
certain feeling of probability by the management
of the natural causes which he brings in to pro-
duce the catastrophe. He burns his old witch-
mother the earth, scientifically! We must add
that the above is the only respect in which Poe
resembles Brown. Brown was a virtuous and
amiable man, and his works, although darkened
by unsettled religious views, breathe a fine spirit
of humanity. Poe wonders at, and hates man—
Brown wonders at, but at the same time pities,
loves, and hopes in him. Brown mingled among
men like a bewildered angel—Poe like a prying
fiend.

We have already alluded to the singular power
of analysis possessed by this strange being. This
is chiefly conspicuous in those tales of his which
turn upon circumstantial evidence. (No lawyer
or judge has ever equalled Poe in the power he
manifests of sifting evidence—of balancing prob-
abilities—of finding the *multum* of a large legal
case in the *parvum* of some minute and well-nigh
invisible point—and in constructing the real
story out of a hundred dubious and conflicting
incidents.) What scales he carries with him!
how fine and tremulous with essential justice!
And with what a microscopic eye he watches
every foot-print! Letters thrown loose on the
mantel-piece, bell-ropes, branches of trees, hand-
kerchiefs, &c. become to him instinct with
meaning, and point with silent finger to crime
and to punishment. (And to think of this subtle
algebraic power, combined with such a strong
ideality, and with such an utterly corrupted
moral nature! It is as though Chatterton had
become a Bow-street officer.) Surely none of the
hybrids which geology has dug out of the graves
of Chaos, and exhibited to our shuddering view,
is half so strange a compound as was Edgar Poe.
We have hitherto scarcely glanced at his poetry.
It, although lying in a very short compass, is of
various merit: it is an abridgment of the man
in his strength and weakness. Its chief dis-
tinction, as a whole, from his prose, is its pec-
uliar music. *That*, like all his powers, is
fitful, changeful, varying; but not more so than
to show the ever-varying moods of his mind,
acting on a peculiar and indefinite theory of
sound. The alpha and omega of that theory
may be condensed in the word “reiteration.”
He knows the effect which can be produced by
ringing changes on particular words. The
strength of all his strains consequently lies in
their chorus, or “oure turn,” as we call it in
Scotland. We do not think that he could have
succeeded in sustaining the harmonies or keeping
up the interest of a large poem. But his short
flights are exceedingly beautiful, and some of
his poems are miracles of melody. All our
readers are familiar with the *Raven*; it is a dark

world in itself; it rises in your sky suddenly as a
cloud, like a man's hand in the heaven of
Palestine, and covers all the horizon with the
blackness of darkness. As usual in his writ-
ings, it is but a common event idealised; there
is nothing supernatural or even extra-
ordinary in the incident recounted; but the
reiteration of the one dreary word “nevermore;”
the effect produced by seating the solemn bird of
yore upon the bust of Pallas; the manner in
which the fowl with its fiery eyes becomes the
evil conscience or memory of the lonely widower;
and the management of the time, the season, and
the circumstances—all unite in making the
Raven in its flesh and blood a far more terrific
apparition than ever from the shades made night
hideous, while “revisiting the glimpses of the
moon.” The poem belongs to a singular class of
poetic uniques, each of which is itself enough to
make a reputation, such as Coleridge's *Rime of
the Ancient Mariner* or *Christabel*, and Aird's
Devil's Dream upon Mount Acksbeck—poems in
which some one new and generally dark idea is
wrought out into a whole so strikingly complete
and self-contained as to resemble creation, and in
which thought, imagery, language, and music
combine to produce a similar effect, and are made
to chime together like bells. What entirety of
effect, for instance, is produced in the *Devil's
Dream* by the unearthly theme, the strange title,
the austere and terrible figures, the large rugged
volume of verse, and the knotty and contorted lan-
guage; and in the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by
the ghastly form of the narrator—the wild
rhythm, the new mythology, and the exotic dic-
tion of the tale he tells! So Poe's *Raven* has
the unity of a tree blasted, trunk, and twigs, and
root, by a flash of lightning. Never did melan-
choly more thoroughly “mark for its own” any
poem than this. All is in intense keeping. Short
as the poem is, it has a beginning, middle, and
end. Its commencement how abrupt and strik-
ing—the time a December midnight—the poet
a solitary man, sitting “weak and weary,” poring
in helpless fixity, but with no profit or pleasure,
over a black-letter volume; the fire half expired;
and the dying embers haunted by their own
ghosts, and shivering above the hearth! The
middle is attained when the raven mounts the
bust of Pallas, and is fascinating the solitary
wretch by his black glittering plumage, and his
measured, melancholy croak. And the end closes
as with the wings of night over the sorrow of the
unfortunate, and these dark words conclude the
tale:—

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor,
Shall be lifted Never more.

You feel as if the poem might have been penned
by the finger of one of the damned. Its author
has fallen below the suicide point; death opens
up no hope for him; his quarrel is not with *life*
on earth—it is with *being* anywhere.

The same shadow of unutterable woe rests
upon several of his smaller poems, and the effect
is greatly enhanced by their gay and song-like
rhythm. That madness or misery which *sings* out
its terror or grief, is always the most desperate.
It is like a burden of hell set to an air of heaven.
“*Ulalume*” might have been written by Cole-
ridge during the sad middle portion of his life.
There is a sense of dreariness and desolation as of
the last of earth's Autumns, which we find no
where else in such perfection. What a picture
these words convey to the imagination:—

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere,
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year.
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

These to many will appear only words; but
what wondrous words. What a spell they wield,
—what a withered unity there is in them! Like
a wasted haggard face, they have no bloom or
beauty; but what a tale they tell! Weir—
Auber—where are they? They exist not, except
in the writer's imagination, and in yours; for the
instant they are uttered a misty picture, with
a tarn, dark as a murderer's eye, below, and the
thin, yellow leaves of October fluttering above,
—exponents both of a misery which scorns the
name of sorrow, and knows neither limit nor
termination—is hung up in the chamber of your
soul for ever. What power, too, there is in the
“*Haunted Palace*,” particularly in the last words,
“*They laugh, but smile no more!*” Dante has no-
thing superior in all those chilly yet fervent

words of his, where “*The ground burns froze,
and cold performs the effect of fire.*”

We must now close our sketch of Poe; and
we do so with feelings of wonder, pity, and awful
sorrow, tempted to look up to heaven, and to cry,
“*Lord, why didst thou make this man in vain?*”
Yet perhaps there was even in him some latent
spark of goodness, which may even now be
developing itself under a kindlier sky. If man,
even at his best estate, be altogether vanity, at
his worst he cannot be much more. He has gone
far away from the misty mid-region of Weir; his
dreams of cosmogonies, &c. have been tested by the
searching light of Eternity's truth; his errors have
received the reward that was meet; and we can-
not but say, ere we close, peace even to the well-
nigh putrid dust of Edgar Poe.

APOLLODORUS.

THE LATE DAVID VEDDER.

A NUMBER of the Scotch poets have recently
been dropping down. First, some years ago,
Robert Gilfillan, the sweet singer of “*Why did
I leave my Hame,*” expired in a moment. Then,
more recently, Thomas Smibert has gone, an
amiable, honest man, and a very respectable
poet. And now David Vedder, the robust,
strong-minded Orcadian bard, has been added
to the “silent people” of the grave. Let us
throw a frail garland on his tomb—let us add
a small but true stone to his “cairn.”

David Vedder, the author of *Orcadian Sketches*,
was born in the parish of Deerness, Orkney,
in the year 1790. His father was what is called in
these remote islands a small *laird*. The Ved-
ders were originally, we believe, descended from
a Dutch family. David received his education
at the parish school, but was still more indebted
to his mother, who, like all the mothers of men
of genius, was a very remarkable and superior
person. She is said to have instilled into him,
at one and the same time, the love of poetry and
the fear of God; and these continued to the end
the master-principles and ruling passions of his
nature. At twelve he had the misfortune to be
left an orphan. About this time he was smit
with a passion for the sea. That great rough
element, perpetually dashing and moaning
around the stormy capes and precipitous cliffs
of those lonely isles—

Placed far amid the melancholy main,

exerted a powerful attraction on his enthusiastic
mind. The result was that he went to sea as a
cabin-boy. He had the usual difficulties and hard-
ships of his calling to surmount; but he struggled
bravely against them, and was rewarded with
victory. By the time he was eighteen he was the
mate of the vessel; and when twenty, he became
the commander of a vessel himself, and made a
number of voyages to Greenland. He subsequently
entered the revenue service as first officer of an
armed cruiser, then under the orders of the
Admiralty. He left this branch of the service
about the year 1820, and accepted of a land situa-
tion as tide surveyor of customs at Montrose.
He was afterwards removed to a similar situa-
tion in Kirkcaldy, and thence to Dundee, and
latterly to Leith. About two years ago he re-
tired from the service.

We happen to know something of his history
in Dundee. He was much respected and admired
for his talents and worth in that city. He was a
prominent member while there of the United
Presbyterian Church, Schoolwynd, which is at
present under the pastoral charge of the Rev. G.
Gilfillan, author of *Galleries of Portraits*, &c. It
was then under the ministry of the late Rev.
George Donaldson, who is said to have been a
man of very extraordinary powers, of vast and
varied knowledge, of the gentlest and most
amiable disposition, and of an eloquence
which produced overwhelming effect; but whose
incessant labours and impetuous temperament
hurried him to his grave at the early age of
forty, and who has left nothing behind him to
substantiate the unanimous and enthusiastic ver-
dict of those who knew him. With Donaldson
Vedder became intimate, and was wont to speak
of him with great respect, sympathy, and sorrow.

He began to write when he was twenty-one,
and at that time his first poem appeared in one
of the magazines. He continued to contribute
largely to the periodicals of the day; but issued
no separate work till 1826, when Blackwood
published his *Covenanter's Communion*—a glowing
and highly-poetical celebration of those heroic
men. About the year 1829 he became the main

instrument of founding the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*—a weekly periodical, started in opposition to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which was conducted by Henry Glassford Bell. Dr. Crichton became its editor; De Quincey, Delta, and many other eminent persons, contributed to it. But, although admitted on all hands to be able, it did not command success, and in a year or two came to a stand-still.

Mr. Vedder's next literary undertaking was *Orcadian Sketches*. This interesting volume was published by Tait, and contained, faintly disguised, many incidents in the author's own life. It was generally and justly admired. He next published a life of Sir Walter Scott, which had a very large sale. In 1841 appeared a volume of ballads and lyrics. He contributed, too, many small pieces to George Thomson's *Collection of Scottish Songs*, to Blackie's collection, and to the far-famed *Whistle Binkie*. A great part of the letterpress to Geikie's etchings is also from his pen. In 1848 appeared his *Lays and Lithographs*; and in 1852 his *Reynard the Fox*—the most popular of all his works. We met David Vedder first in the year 1845, and continued to see him occasionally from that to 1849, since which time we have never happened to meet. He struck us at once as a strong-minded, clear-headed, and warm-hearted man,

with common sense quite commensurate with his genius. His appearance was rather that of a sea-captain than a poet. He was tall, rotund, red-faced, but with a world of sagacity in his rugged features, and of warmth in his big heart. His conversation was rugged and racy—that of one who had mingled much with men, as well as faced many a north-easter, and had many a hairsbreadth escape upon the waters. It was delightful to find him, even when a sexagenarian, possessing sympathies so generous and enthusiasm so fresh. He was never weary speaking about Burns, Campbell, and Scott. He had had extensive correspondence with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, and we remember him showing us with much lawful pride an autograph letter to him, from the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, warmly commending some of his poems. Better still, he had a deep vein of unobtrusive piety in his composition. Apollodorus and he were of the same religious denomination, and mutual recollections of country tent-preachings, and early religious impressions, made up no small share of our conversations in our few interviews. His death-bed we have been assured was peculiarly edifying. He became, during his somewhat lengthened illness, a very child in simplicity and profound submission to the will of his Heavenly Father.

As a Poet and Prose-writer his powers were of no ordinary kind. He added to strong untrained sense much fancy and humour. If not a "Maker" in the full extent of that name, he had unquestionably a true natural vein. Dr. Chalmers used absolutely to electrify his class-room by reading those lines of Vedder's entitled "All Nature worships there;" and many parts of his *Covenanter's Communion* and his *Orcadian Sketches* display similar power and truth of genius. Although in a great degree self-taught, he managed not only to acquire an excellent English style, but an extensive knowledge of foreign tongues; and his translations from the German are understood to be exceedingly faithful and spirited.

David Vedder, farewell! We shall miss hereafter for evermore thy burly form, thy rugged kindly face, thy hearty salute, thy warm grasp of the hand we were wont to see and feel, when stepping ashore on the Newhaven pier! Thou art gone elsewhere, and we trust art employed in the exercises of a loftier worship than Nature's. But we shall never forget thy kindness to us personally, nor the many excellencies and virtues of thy manly and Christian character, any more than the pleasing hours we have enjoyed in perusing thy vigorous and true-hearted poetry!

APOLLODORUS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE ARTS.

Illustrations of Ancient Art, selected from Objects discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum. By the Rev. E. TROLLOPE, F.S.A. London: G. Bell.

THIS beautiful work of Mr. Trollope's is intended, as his preface tells us, "to spread a little more widely the knowledge of some of the choicest specimens of ancient art." And very admirably it is calculated to accomplish this intention, for its beautifully executed plates, and the style of its paper and typography, and blue and gold binding, make it a very attractive book—a drawing-room book of archaeology, that will be looked into by many eyes which are repelled by the formidable aspect of large learned-looking antiquarian tomes.

And the eyes which thus occasionally glance through these plates, will become accustomed to that application of the forms of high art to articles of domestic utility which distinguishes the works of imperial Rome, and which we are endeavouring to introduce into our English manufactures. The education of the patronising public is quite as much needed as the art-education of the artificer; and such books as this of Mr. Trollope's are calculated to effect for the customer what Schools of Design will effect for the manufacturer.

But, besides affording specimens of Roman art-manufacture, these plates of classified objects of antiquity, together with the well-selected notes by which they are elucidated, form a very excellent manual, from which may be gathered, in an easy and agreeable way, no inconsiderable amount of general information on the subject of Roman archaeology.

We should, however, be doing much injustice to the work, if we were to leave an impression upon the minds of our readers that it is a mere drawing-room book, adapted only for superficial dilettanti; on the contrary, it contains much which will be valuable to the antiquarian student of sterner mould; some of the subjects, here so beautifully engraved, are only to be found in various rare and costly works, which are beyond the reach of most people; some are original drawings of objects hitherto unpublished; and it will be no slight assistance to many archaeological students to have this series of well-selected and classified examples, which will supply to them in some measure the absence of a museum and a large library of costly works. The two beautiful coloured plates of the "Auldjo Vase," and the "Naples Vase,"—blue glass vases with white relief ornaments, after the style of the Portland Vase, are especially valuable both to the art-student and to the antiquary; the former most interesting object is, we believe, here published for the first time.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

1. *The Principles of Education.* By HUGO REID. London: Longman and Co.
 2. *Social and Political Morality.* By WILLIAM LOVETT. London: Simpkin and Marshall.
 3. *Two Prize Essays on Juvenile Delinquency.* By MICALAH HILL, Esq., and C. F. CORNWALLIS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.
- THREE books, entitled as above, are before us.

They all bear more or less on the same subject; and that subject is—Education. The character of the two first is similar, even to identity. The broad and salient points of modern institutional eclecticism are, in both, treated with clearness and precision. Mr. Reed confines himself to a narrower sphere than Mr. Lovett, and aims only at the production of a useful manual for the schoolmaster and tutor. We think he has succeeded in his attempt; and that he has given us here such a work as we have just described. His views are liberal, and his suggestions sensible. He comes forward as another stout exponent of the deficiencies and absurdities of the purely classical and mathematical system of education. He reasserts, among other undeniable propositions, the cruelty and folly of educating our commercial classes according to such a system. If, as in the majority of cases, education ends at fifteen, shall we send our half-fledged goslings into counting-houses and offices, stocked merely with their miserable crudities of second Latin readers and first Greek? Shall we not rather throw Latin and Greek, in all such cases, like physic, to the dogs; and dismiss our children to the world's business good arithmeticians, respectable French scholars, and somewhat versed in those physical sciences which are becoming every day of more paramount importance? Sons of rich men, who look forward to college and the universities, and whose education can be protracted up to twenty-one or twenty-two, may reasonably, perhaps, work their way into and through the mysteries of two beautiful dead languages. But shall John Stubbs, who is to learn to labour truly to get his own living by double entry, be brought up like his class-fellow Algernon Stokes, whose parents have been kind enough to save him the trouble of making a fortune by leaving him one ready made? Under the present system John, who is perhaps the sharper fellow of the two, finds himself sent for home one day, just as he was really beginning to get a little insight into the Cæsar and Xenophon, towards the decent comprehension of which all his young faculties had been exclusively directed during the last ten years. John thinks it a little hard, and perhaps even sighs; but he is a good and sensible boy, and resigns himself to his fate. One week from that date the Cæsar and Xenophon are shelved for ever: in a few years even the construction of their simplest sentences has vanished from his memory. He recollects perhaps a word or two; perhaps even an easy phrase; but, for the rest, he has nothing to show for that misplaced labour of ten years. But he goes to work like a man at his new pursuits. Double entry is mastered and daily applied to his profit; but how much more he would do if he had only fair German and French for common emergencies—if he knew something about the structure of this earth, and its myriad-minded sciences. Algernon, in the mean time,

goes on to high colleges and even universities, and comes away not much better acquainted than poor John with the topics we have just mentioned—but a decent dab at Latin versification, and able to construe tolerably a Greek play or two. Poor John, and even poor Algernon! Each has been victimised very considerably by existing institutions; but John's case is generally the worst; for knowledge of a marketable kind is money to him, and he wants money. Algernon can afford to act the literary dilettante.

Such is one of the main evils of our present system; and Mr. Reid states it, not as a novel remark, but as an obvious truth, which however has hitherto had little practical efficacy.

We turn now to Mr. Lovett's book. It is, as we have intimated, of a similar but wider flight. He, too, wants education; but of a community, and not merely of a sect. For this purpose he goes back to first principles, and considers man in all his various relations as individual—as member of a family—as member of society—and, finally, as member of a state. It is not to be supposed that at this time of day anything very new can be said on any one of these subjects; but if it can, we cannot conscientiously congratulate Mr. Lovett on having said it. His remarks are, on the whole, sensible and sound; but then they are also obvious and commonplace. Sparks likewise of republican sentiment scintillate throughout. The constitution of the United States is evidently his ideal; and, quite consistently, he advocates the cause of numerical suffrage, vote by ballot, and paid representatives. Nay, we are even given a hint that, for state purposes, a state seal would discharge, amply well, the expensive functions of a royal executive. If Mr. Lovett, however, has a grave fault—and we fear he has—it is that of being prosy. We cannot blame, but we cannot help yawning over many a good old time-honoured maxim, served up here, not in the newest of dresses, and which we are seemingly expected to receive as a grand and cardinal discovery in ethics. The sophist who wrote the essay in praise of Hercules was asked, fairly enough, why he took such trouble to exalt one whom nobody ever thought of disparaging. So Mr. Lovett appears to have taken rather superfluous trouble to inform us that man is a mixed combination of physical, moral, and mental powers—that he ought to work and have what he makes by his work—that he ought not to do any such naughty things as to steal, or get drunk, or tell lies, or use bad words, or quarrel and fight; but that he ought to be true and just in all his dealings, and hurt nobody by word or deed.

All this, and a great deal more of the same kind, is very proper and very true. But then we have heard it something more than once before; and if we ought to hear it again—and we cannot hear it too often—it seems a reasonable concession to human impatience, that this infinitely more

than twice-told tale should be garnished with some novelties of language, and even thought. Besides, common as these topics are, they are, like all other moral topics, inexhaustible. Their phases are infinite; but their primary elements are the self-evident propositions of the most untaught savages. They are seized and are teachable by the plainest apprehensions, if, indeed, they require to be taught. But the greatness of great minds shows itself most and best in its power of throwing charm and forcible beauty round the tritest subjects and the most familiar ideas. Tried by this standard, Mr. Lovett will be found wanting much; but he must still retain his merit of writing sense sensibly.

The third book before us is the most interesting and important of the three. It treats of a subject, compared with which every other sinks into practical insignificance. For the question here is, not what kind of education a large and formidable portion of our population shall have, but whether it shall have any at all. Refuse of the worst dens, of the worst streets—*avril* of the gutter and sewer—no less than 10,000 street-children, in spite of missionaries and ragged-schools, still wander untaught, uncared for, through this large city. This number is said to be annually increasing. All that is lowest, vilest, most wretched, most like the brute, least like the germ of the Christian citizen, is here developed in precocious maturity. The adult members of this class are represented by 30,000 costermongers, who are all that ignorance and the most unrestrained vices can make them.

Yet it would be unjust and untrue to allow it to be supposed that nothing has been done to check this frightful evil. The London City Mission has done much; the Ragged-schools have effected wonders, and proved, beyond the possibility of confutation, that the malady is quite curable. The rate of increase has been greatly lessened during the last few years; but the numerical increase is, as we have stated, still advancing. They manage these things better in France. She has her *salles d'asile* and her Parisian nurseries. These are national institutions—a child of France is a child of the state; and where parents cannot or will not educate him, the latter insists on educating him herself. So it is in Austria; so it is in Prussia; and, above all, in moral and methodical Holland. America has followed in the same course; but conservative England still clings to her ancient institutions, and prefers the punishment to the prevention of crime. 200,000 neglected children—all of whom come more or less under the description of juvenile offenders—exist, no one knows exactly how, on this fair English soil. Picking pockets, and stealing small articles from small tradesmen, are their usual resource; and the number of those between twelve and sixteen, committed to prison annually for the first time for such offences, is estimated at from 7000 to 8000.

Here, then, is the evil in its general outline. What is the remedy—that is, the true one? For we have had, and still have, more than one which grave Quarter Sessions Chairmen delight to impress on the minds of Grand juries. The insulted majesty of the law is well and profitably vindicated, say they, by flinging a miserable little wretch into that worst of moral pest-houses—a common gaol. There, if he remain some two, or four, or six months, what is the encouraging issue? Strange, indeed, it were, did he not become, as he always does become, twofold the child of Satan.

And this, in Mr. Hill's able and elaborate essay, leads us at once to the main question of the whole matter. Are we to regard these poor children—outcasts of our negligence and ill-distributed abundance—as being in any way fit subjects of criminal punishment? We all know the fine distinctions drawn by our laws between the *mens doli capax* and the *mens incapax*. They have lasted long enough—too long, we think; and it is time they were exploded, or at least largely modified. For their assumptions are not borne out by fact; and it is matter of experience, capable of complete verification at any Quarter Sessions, that the large majority of juvenile offenders, say from seven to fourteen or fifteen, so far from having any moral or legal sense of the difference between right and wrong, require no little instruction to comprehend the difference between a plea of guilty and not guilty. It is true they are not wanting in cunning, and that they have a salutary dread of the policeman. But is this enough to constitute such a moral

sense, as, by any system of casuistry, can be made the basis of a legal crime? The fact then is, as both the authors of these essays assert, and as all thinking men admit, the time is come when, in the case at least of juvenile offenders, the school must supersede the jail. Not only religion, not only justice, not only humanity, but even every sordid principle of expediency, has learned to denounce the existing system as a sin and a blunder. It is proved that, besides making useful citizens, we shall actually save hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly by educating, instead of convicting, young delinquents. It will not do, for it will not pay, to send them into the world branded indelibly as felons. Nor is the problem of reformation any longer insoluble; on the contrary, it has been completely solved, as attention to the data of these essays shows satisfactorily. We cannot recommend them too earnestly to our readers. Mr. Hill's is the more elaborate and statistical; Mr. Cornwallis's the more forcible and eloquent. We hold it to be an urgent moral and religious duty for every one, high or low, to become intimately acquainted with this subject. For by its side all other art and science appear as mere selfish theory and sentimentalism.

HISTORY.

The History of Servia and the Servian Revolution, with a Sketch of the Insurrection of Bosnia. By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR. To which is added, *The Slave Provinces of Turkey.* Chiefly from the French of CYPRIEN ROBERT. London: Bohn. 1853.

THE importance of the Slavonian question in reference to Turkey may be estimated by a single glance at the numbers of the population. The four principal stocks inhabiting European Turkey, each possessing an historic nationality, are, the Osmanlis, the Greeks, the Roumanians of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the Slavonians. Of these the Osmanlis amount to about 1,100,000; the Greeks to 1,000,000; the Roumanians 4,000,000; and the Slavonians alone to nearly eight or nine millions. Half independent, and retaining still their primitive manners and simplicity, inspired by recollections of the past and legitimate hopes for the future—upon the attitude of this people, upon the ideas with which they are imbued, depends in great measure not alone the destinies of the Ottoman Empire, but of Europe and of the world.

The great Slavonian family includes no less, at the lowest computation, than 70,000,000 of men—100,000,000 according to the statement of some writers. The present country of the Muscovites, Poland as it existed before the year 1772, a considerable part of Hungary, Moravia, Bohemia, Servia, the centre of the Prussian monarchy, Slavonia, Illyria, and Dalmatia, constitute the territory of the ancient Slavonians; the Elbe, the Gulf of Venice, the Save, the Danube, the Black Sea and the Caspian, the rivers and mountains of Oural, the Frozen Sea, and the Baltic, inclose its wide extent. Mountain-chains or the direction of stupendous rivers formed natural barriers of separation between the inhabitants of this land, and operated as physical causes to prevent their union as one people. Notwithstanding the similarity, almost the identity of their institutions, the writers of Greece, Rome, and Germany record with astonishment their tendency to form independent societies, frequently engaged in hostilities against each other.

The Slavonians of Bohemia, Poland, and Kioiv laid early the foundations of their national existence; but on the southern side of the Carpathian chain, age after age glided by and witnessed no movement of life amongst the slumbering people. In the fourteenth century the Servians made their first noble effort—an effort, it is true, they could not long sustain. Assailed on every side by sanguinary conflicts of the Germans, the Magyars, and the Osmanlis, the history of the Slavonian people is one long detail of sacrifices nobly endured, of heroism and devotedness exercised in vain, or with results that tended only to consolidate the monarchy of Constantinople, the usurpations of Muscovy and of Vienna.

The Slavonians of Turkey retain, with little modification, the character and manners of their ancestors; essentially they remain what they were in the sixth century. Of the primitive Slavonians we possess only vague and uncertain records; and, guided by the obscure light of con-

fused and doubtful traditions, their first national annalist, Nestor, a monk of Kioiv, born in the year 1056, composed his history. But in the seventh century, the spectacle of a people already formed by their political institutions, proves sufficiently their prior existence and deep root in the past. Lethoyer was amongst the first authors whose labours threw light upon the early history of the Slavonians. Gatterer, Gebhardi, Durich, Anton, Linhard, Hanki, Kopitar, Dobrowski, Palacki, Maciejowski, and Schaffarik, created a Slavonian literature. Schaffarik, in his work *Über die Abkunft der Slaven* ("On the Slavonian Family"), has offered many valuable observations in elucidation of their national character. The first volume of the *History of Poland*, by J. B. Ostrowski, devotes several chapters to a summary of all that learned research has discovered in connection with the antiquities of this people, and a general sketch of their institutions, not only instructive for the facts detailed, but for the development of the national spirit, elaborated and vividly reproduced by the power of a sympathetic genius. Siemidven, a Russian, has written upon the Montenegrins. Herder, in his *Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit* ("Ideas on the History of Mankind"), has devoted to the Slavonians some admirable chapters. The eloquent words of Herder, first, indeed, aroused attention to the subject.

"Ye nations, alas, fallen into the depths of slavery, but once free! Yes, once flourishing nations, ye will break from your long sleep, and, tearing asunder the shackles of tyranny, enjoy at length your own, your beautiful country."

According to the testimony of the Greek and Roman writers, the ancient Slavonians recognised one God, the supreme ruler of heaven and earth; idolatrous worship followed the corruption of that primitive faith. The spirit of Prowe, the god of justice, was believed to be present at the delivery of judgment by the supreme pontiff and chief men who were elected by the people. Swatowit, the god of victories, was the object of worship to the western Slavonians. The adoration paid to other deities was local; and to this day we comprehend neither the religious symbols, nor the mythology of the Slavonians. The sustentation of eternal fire betrayed an Asiatic origin; they believed in the immortality of the soul, and in an invisible world. The mildness of the race, their poetical instinct and love of nature, are impressed upon the character of their religious rites.

The influence of the elected pontiffs extended to all the social relations of life. Their judgment guided the legislation, and their authority was supreme above that of the princes and magistrates nominated by the people. The inclosure of the spot dedicated to the gods was inviolable, and constituted an asylum. The pontiff held his breath in sign of respect whenever he entered the precincts rendered awful by the divine presence, and an outrage committed in the House of God was punishable with death. Two universal festivals were observed in January and June, inaugurating the commencement of winter and summer; the whole people participated at the public banquets, which closed these solemnities with the symbol of fraternity. Fruits and animals furnished the sacrificial offerings, and subsequently, during the fierce wars which marked the attempt of the Franks and Germans to impose their yoke, the blood of Christians sometimes stained Slavonian altars; but this, and their early resistance to the introduction of Christianity, may be attributed to the abhorrence of that slavery which hand-in-hand accompanied the approach of their first Christian invaders. Yet Franks and Germans agree in admiration at the profound religious sentiment, unfeigned piety, and gentle manners of the Slavonian people whose territory they overran. Their hospitality was remarkable; a stranger never failed to enjoy its protection, enforced even by the laws. For the safety of a guest the host was responsible, and theft, punishable under all other circumstances, might be committed with impunity if its motive was to supply an article of necessity or luxury for the entertainment. Fellow-countrymen did not refuse to each other the generosity accorded to the casual visitor, and it is said neither paupers nor robbers were found amongst the ancient Slavonians.

The principle of the family formed the basis of the Slavonic political and social institutions. A certain community of goods appears to have been the general maxim; but an equal distribution amongst the sons and daughters of a family

deprived of its head, proves that a law of individual property was also understood; yet the family tie was never utterly broken, and members who had left the community, if reduced to indigence, might return and claim a suitable support. The father, or at his death the eldest of the number, administered the affairs of the family at home or in connection with the state. A humanising tenderness of feeling and strength of attachment grew from this close bond, and combined to draw it closer, while, as a natural consequence, the Slavonian women were treated with invariable affection and respect.

The family was held by the district responsible for the conduct of its members. A certain number of families composed a district, which was governed by ancients, old men, chosen to their office. The political associations of the Slavonians were generally divided into twelve woiwodships; each nominated a judge, and the twelve judges constituted the central government. Their principal function was to administer justice under the pontiff's superintendence. Justice being regarded as the immediate emanation of the Deity, the judges took their seat within the sacred inclosure, expecting to receive the inspiration of God. Spiritual and temporal authority were intimately blended. It is supposed they possessed a written code, *Deski pravdatne planki*, on which the laws were written. Decisions rested ordinarily upon the opinion of the majority, although, amongst the Wiley, unanimity was required for the enactment of a law. Probably the *liberum veto* of Poland had reference to this custom. The Slavonians first established the distinction between matters of law and equity, and English institutions are indebted indirectly to principles founded on the ancient jurisprudence of the Slavonians. From the remotest antiquity they cultivated agriculture; their excellence in this useful art, and in rearing cattle, induced Boniface and Charlemagne to settle Slavonian colonies on the banks of the Rhine as instructors to the German inhabitants. The Slavonic words for "honey," "bread," the "plough," have passed into the German language. Linen was invented and manufactured by the Slavonians; nor did they neglect the interests of commerce. It was the wealth amassed by an intelligent and active people that first provoked the cupidity and tempted the invasion of the Franks and Germans; and the want of national unity caused the element of weakness that determined their subjugation.

Ranke's account of the Serbian revolution affords continual evidence of the slight change which the course of centuries and action of events have wrought amongst the Slavonic subjects of the Ottoman empire; and it must be remarked to the credit of the Osmanlis, that in no instance has their rule, however at times uncertain and oppressive, extinguished the national spirit or effaced the national institutions of their conquered subjects.

The Serbian state in the fourteenth century was strong enough to maintain its independence and resist the encroachments of the declining Empire of the East. The establishment of the Osmanlis opposed to it new perils and a more vigorous foe. Alliance with the Latin nations rendered Serbia for some time able not only to repel, but to be formidable to the Ottoman power. Religious dissensions decided its fall; and the Servians, menaced by the too-exacting friendship of their Western protectors, preferred, like the unfortunate Greeks, the supremacy of the Crescent rather than of the Latin Hat. From that period the history of Serbia is a detail of successive struggles—cruel and unequal struggles on the part of a race that never yielded but from exhaustion; and if ferocious deeds deface sometimes the tale of terrible conflict, it is impossible to withhold our admiration when we reflect upon the sacrifices endured, and the dauntless courage of these men, who fought to free their country from a foreign yoke.

In the recent history of Serbia, as in the other Slavonian provinces of the Porte, Russia has played a chief part. Yet, wherever the Ottoman Government, in its prudent course, has removed abuses, and restored or strengthened the internal independence of its subject states, the Czar has lost his influence, and been detected in his aims. The Sultan, once dreaded as a master, becomes in turn the indispensable protector.

The following extracts from Mrs. Kerr's volume exhibit the social character of the Serbian people, and their close adherence to the ideas and customs of their ancestors.

SERBIAN VILLAGES.

The villages of Serbia extend far up into the gorges of the mountains, into the valleys formed by rivers and streams, or into the depths of forests, and sometimes, when consisting of forty or fifty houses, they spread over a space as extensive as that of Vienna and its suburbs; the dwellings being isolated, and at a distance one from another. Each habitation contains within itself an entire community; the actual house is a room enclosed by loam walls and covered with the dry bark of the lime, having the hearth in the centre. Around this room chambers are constructed—(*chijat* or *wajat*)—often fitted up with polished boards, but without any fire places. The house ostensibly belongs to the father and mother of the family; to whose use a separate sleeping-room is sometimes appropriated. The chambers are for the younger married people. All the members of the family constitute one household; they work and eat together, and in the winter evenings assemble around the fire; even when the father dies, his sons, appointing one of their number, the best qualified amongst them, as master of the house (*stargeshinn*) remain together until too great an increase of the family renders a separation desirable. It is not unusual for one house to form an entire street. The household requires but little assistance from strangers. The men raise their own buildings; construct, in their rude manner, their ploughs and waggons; prepare the yokes of their draught oxen; hoop their casks; and manufacture their shoes from rough leather. Their land yields the food they require, so that salt is perhaps the only article they find it necessary to purchase. The mechanics most in request by the villages are smiths, to make their tools. A mill belongs to several houses conjointly, and each house has its day for using it. These family households, supplying all their own wants and shut up within itself—a state of things which was continued under the Turks, because the taxes were chiefly levied upon the households—formed the basis of Serbian nationality. Individual interest was thus merged, as it were, in that of the family. No one commemorated the day of the saint whose name he bore, nor his own birth-day; but each household had its tutelary saint, whose day they celebrated with mirth and festivity.

MARRIAGES IN SERBIA.

The fathers of two houses meet and settle the matter together, exchanging presents, which sometimes amount to a considerable value. Thus, by a sort of purchase, is so useful a member of a household as a grown-up maiden surrendered by one to another. The brother of the bride delivers her to the solemn procession which comes to conduct her to her new abode; and there she is received by the *sieste*, a sister-in-law of the bridegroom. She dresses a child, touches with a distaff the walls which are so often to see her occupied with this implement, and carries bread, wine, and water up to the table which it will become her daily duty to prepare. With these symbolical ceremonies she enters into the new community. Her mouth is sealed by a piece of sugar, to denote that she should utter little and only what is good. As yet she is only a stranger, and for a whole year she is termed the "betrothed." By an assumption of continued bashfulness, prescribed by custom, she keeps apart even from her husband. In the presence of others she scarcely converses with him, much less would a playful phrase be permitted from her lips. It is only when years have passed, and she has become the mother of grown-up children, that she, in reality, finds herself on an equality with the other members of the household.

ABSENCE OF HEREDITARY FEUDS.

Considering the strong feelings of blood-relationship that prevails with the Servians, it is remarkable that the revenge of murder is unknown, especially as a feeling of retaliation, common to nations of similar condition, is a prominent characteristic of the people of Montenegro, the race most nearly related to them.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

The community which a village formed was a very close one. It had the right of electing its own elders and president, a ruler (*Seoski-Knez*), officers who enjoyed both confidence and authority. The *Poresa* was a common burden, and its distribution was regulated by an equitable agreement amongst the villages themselves. As every family had its own tutelary saint, so also had every village; and the anniversary of this saint's day was kept with religious solemnities. The people assembled in some large open space, on a height near the village, and the clergy consecrated water and oil; then, headed by their priests, the people bearing crosses and images, went in procession through the fields, and in some places from house to house. . . . Among the Servians the whole year is replete with rites, indicating the mysterious relation in which man stands to nature. In winter, just before Lent, the great festival in honour of the dead is celebrated, at which every one solemnises the memory of his departed relations and friends; and no sooner does Palm Sunday arrive, than the people join in commemorating the renovation of life. On the preceding Saturday, the maidens assemble on a hill and recite poems on the resurrection of Lazarus; and on Sunday, before sun-rise, they meet at the same place, where they draw water, and dance their country dance,

chanting a song, which relates how the water becomes dull by the antlers of a stag, and bright by his eye.

We have not room for the description of St. George's Festival, towards the end of April; the Festival of the Krahze, at Whitsuntide; the Festival of St. John; the ceremonies at their prayers for rain, &c.

PIETY OF THE SERBIANS.

In this way the people express their dependence upon the powers of nature. To this day they swear by the sun and the earth—"Tako mi suntya," "Tako mi zemlji" ("So help me sun," "So help me earth") are very usual assertions. Nevertheless, they believe, that everything proceeds immediately from God. They will rarely commence any sort of work but in the name of God; and would deem it sinful to make a promise without the proviso, If God permit. Their very language has conformed itself to this feeling, and we may mention one very remarkable ellipsis. They do not say to a traveller, "Whither are you going?" nor, "Whither are you going, if it please God;" but simply, "If it please God," omitting altogether the actual question. They have three daily prayers—early in the morning, before supper, and on retiring to rest—in which they do not employ established forms; and, at table, instead of one asking a blessing on the food, each individual expresses, in his own words, gratitude to the Supreme Being. In drinking, the toast or sentiment of the Servians is—"To the glory of God!" and no one would presume to take his seat at the head of a convivial party who was not able to extemporise a suitable prayer.

CHRISTMAS IN SERBIA.

On Christmas-eve, after the labours of the day are finished, the father of the family goes into the wood, and cuts down an oak sapling, which he brings into the house with the salutation, "Good evening, and a happy Christmas!" To this all present answer, "God grant it thee, thou happy one, rich in honour," whilst they cast corn over him. The tree, which is called *Badujah*, is then placed upon the coals. In the morning, which is saluted by the firing of pistols, a visitor appears; one being previously chosen for each house. He throws corn from a glove through the doorway, and exclaims, "Christ is born!" Some one in the house, in return, throws corn towards the visitor, and answers, "In truth he is born." On this another of the party advances, and, whilst with a poker he strikes the *Badujah*, which is still lying on the coals, so that the sparks are scattered about, he cries, "As many sparks, so many oxen, cows, horses, goats, sheep, swine, bee-hives—so much good fortune and happiness!" The housewife then envelopes the visitor in a coverlet of the bed; and the remains of the *Badujah* are carried into the orchard. They do not go to church; but every one comes to the repast with a lighted wax taper. Holding the tapers in their hands, they pray and kiss one another, repeating the words, "God's peace!" "Christ is in truth born!" "We adore him!" To indicate a close union of every member of the house, the head of the family collects the burning tapers, and, fastening them together, places them in a dish filled with the *Tshesnitza*, and all sorts of grain, and thus extinguishes them. The *Tshesnitza* is an unleavened roll, of the usual form, with a piece of money kneaded into it, and when it is broken he who finds the money in his piece of bread is expected to have, before all others, a fortunate year. The table is not cleared, nor the room swept, during three days; open house is kept for every comer until New Year's-day—the salutation continuing, "Christ is born!" and the reply, "In truth he is born!"

The reputation of Ranke as a historian is already established; Mrs. Kerr's translation is extremely well executed, and forms an acceptable addition to Bohn's "Standard Library." Without participating in all the views of Ranke, or in the peculiar views of Cyprien Robert, we recommend to our readers, as well deserving perusal, this instructive narrative of facts and events.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Princess Palatine, Princess of Bohemia. By the BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY. London: Bentley. 1853.

AMONG the "memorable women" of the seventeenth century a foremost place should be allotted to the subject of these memoirs. Distinguished as the friend and correspondent of Descartes, her scientific attainments earned for her a notable reputation in an age and country remarkable for the production of learned ladies. Born of an illustrious but unfortunate race, the mischances and privations which clouded the morning of her existence were amply compensated by the philosophical tranquillity of its noon and the serenity of its close. Though her hereditary title was nothing but a vain shadow, many royal personages might envy the substantial glories of her

career; and, if not exactly "a model woman," she possessed virtues which most of her sex will think worthy of imitation.

Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine of Bohemia, was a daughter of the Elector Frederic V. and of Elizabeth Stuart of England, the daughter of James I. Her mother, surnamed "the Pearl of Britain" and the "Queen of Hearts," possessed in a large proportion the beauties and the graces of her ill-starred race. Her father, who had Bourbon blood in his veins, was, from education and by taste, more a Frenchman than a German; and hence have been traced some of the philosophical predilections of the Princess Palatine. At the court of the Elector "the elegancies of French manners" were preferred to the "rude customs of the German princes," and the language and literature of France were patronised and cultivated. "The simple patriarchalism of his ancestors" had no charm in the eyes of the highly educated and somewhat fastidious Frederic; and his wife—the grand-daughter of the Queen of Scots—was still less likely to tolerate the barbarous usages of bygone days. The early education of the Princess Palatine was consequently distinguished by an elegant refinement, which added in after life a peculiar grace to her more solid acquisitions and masculine studies.

When, after a brief tenure of sovereign authority, Frederic was driven from his throne, and compelled to quit his beautiful castle of Heidelberg, his family was for a time scattered—the Princess Elizabeth being left to the care of her grandmother, the Dowager Electress. Ultimately they were reunited at the Hague, where they found a congenial asylum. Fresh misfortunes, however, soon darkened around them. The exiled sovereign was hourly expecting a restoration to his dominions, when the death of the King of Sweden, at the battle of Lutzen, destroyed all his hopes, and he died at Mayence of a broken heart. The Princess Palatine was then thirteen years of age—just old enough to feel, to their full extent, the misfortunes of her family. Hitherto they had been liberally supported by the Dutch States, who had allowed them about ten thousand florins a month; but this assistance was, after Frederic's death, gradually withdrawn, until at length, we are told, "the sums given by England and Holland, put together, barely sufficed for the daily wants of Elizabeth Stuart's diminished household." In this emergency the widow was urged by her brother Charles I. to transport herself and family to England; but, as this course appeared to her to imply the abandonment of her own and her children's rights, she steadily refused to adopt it. It may be readily believed that the circumstances of this period—the melancholy death of her father, the destruction of her family's hopes, and the bitter straits of poverty—must have had considerable influence in the formation of the character of the Princess Palatine. Whilst they chastened the high spirits of youth and imparted to her meditations a serious tone, they also tended to encourage the habit, which accompanied her through life, of looking within for her sources of happiness, instead of depending upon outward objects.

In her fifteenth year, an opportunity presented itself to the Queen of Bohemia, of forming a royal alliance for her daughter Elizabeth. The suitor was Ladislas IV. of Poland, who had then reached the mature age of forty. But, besides the disparity of years, which was then little regarded in royal marriages, there was one obstacle to this union which proved insurmountable, namely, difference of religion. The Polish sovereign was a Catholic—the Princess Palatine had been born and was determined to die a Protestant. After a long negotiation the projected match was quietly given up, and Elizabeth devoted herself more than ever to the severe studies in which she was destined to achieve such great proficiency.

There was at that time dwelling within the close vicinity of the Queen of Bohemia's court an extremely erudite lady, who was then regarded as one of the wonders of Germany, named Anna Maria de Schürmann. With this celebrated blue-stocking the Princess Palatine kept up a learned correspondence, which had lasted about a year, when a world-celebrated *savant* appeared at the court of Elizabeth Stuart, who soon exercised a paramount influence over the princess's intellectual nature. This was no other than René Descartes, the prince of the philosophers of the period. Shortly after his introduction to the Queen of Bohemia and her accom-

plished family, the French philosopher changed his residence from Leyden, where he had been for some time sojourning, to Eyndegeest, only half an hour distant from the Hague. He was thus brought into constant intercourse with the Princess Palatine, which was not the least of the advantages possessed by his new residence. The pleasant situation and diversified charms of this abode are thus described by his countryman Sorbière—the eminent physician:—

DESCARTES' DUTCH RESIDENCE.

He inhabited a small château in a beautiful position, at the very gates of the famous University of Utrecht, three hours from the Court, and not two from the sea. He had a vast number of servants, all picked and chosen men, and all good-looking; a nice garden, with meadows and clumps of trees in the background, and high church spires rising up against the horizon. He could, from this place, go in one day by water to Utrecht, Delft, Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Haarlem, and Amsterdam. It was easy for him to spend the half-day at the Hague, and return to his own home afterwards; and to do this, he had but to saunter along the fairest road imaginable, through meadows, and in front of country houses, and then through a wood that borders on the Hague itself. This town can certainly compare with the first towns in Europe, and in my time was proud of possessing three Courts: firstly, the Court of the Prince of Orange, a military Court, where might be seen above two thousand noblemen and their suite of soldiers decked out in buff doublets, with orange scarfs, high boots, and long sabres, and who were this Court's chief ornament; secondly, the Court of the States-General, full of provincial deputies and burgomeisters, and representatives of the aristocracy, in black velvet coats, broad collars, and square beards; lastly, the Court of the Queen of Bohemia, which seemed that of the Graces, seeing that she had four daughters, at whose feet all the *beau monde* of the Hague came to deposit their homage, and whose talents, beauty, and virtues, were the subject of all men's talk. The eldest princess had no greater joy, however, than to listen to the readings of M. Descartes.

The acquisitions of the Princess Palatine, and the amusements in which she occasionally indulged with her accomplished sisters, are thus quaintly described by the same writer:—

In my time, which was 1642, there used in Holland to exist the following custom: the ladies of the Hague used to delight in going in boats from the Hague to Leyden or to Delft; they were dressed as women of the burgher class, and mixed in the crowd so as to hear all that might be said upon the great ones of the earth, touching whom they tried to provoke all present to converse. Often they heard much that concerned themselves, and even—their manners being something rather extraordinary—they seldom returned without some cavalier having offered them his services. The said cavaliers, however, were, for the most part, terribly disappointed in their hopes of having made acquaintance with females of a certain kind, for when they landed from the boats, there was invariably a coach in waiting, which carried off the fair adventuresses all alone. Elizabeth, the eldest of the Bohemian princesses, would sometimes join these parties. Wonders were told of this rare personage; it was said, that to the knowledge of strange tongues she added that of abstruse sciences; that she was not to be satisfied with the mere pedantic terms of scholastic lore, but would dive down to the clearest possible comprehension of things; that she had the sharpest wit and most solid judgment; that she enjoyed listening to Descartes, and studied his works till far into the night; that she liked surgical experiments, and caused dissections to be made before her eyes; and, lastly, that in her palace dwelt a clergyman suspected of being a Socinian. Her age at this time seemed to be somewhere about twenty; her beauty and her carriage were really those of a heroine. She had three sisters and five brothers; Frederic, Robert, Maurice, Edward, Philippe, Louisa, Henrietta, and Sophia.

Perhaps no two persons ever derived more pleasure and profit from each other's society than did Descartes and the daughter of the Queen of Bohemia. The Princess found the philosopher distinguished no less for his elegant tastes than his abstruse learning; she saw in him "the first *savant* who broke with the musty traditions of scholasticism, and wrote—as he did everything else—like a gentleman." On the other hand, Descartes found in the Princess, first, a docile pupil, and afterwards a friend and adviser. To her judgment he frequently deferred in matters the most important; and "he rarely (it is said) gave to the public any one of his works without submitting it to her inspection." He was astonished to find that he was only perfectly comprehended by one person, and that person a woman! "There are many," he says, in the dedication of his *Principles of Philosophy* to the Princess, "and those, too, amongst the best and the cleverest people, who find obscurities

in [my writings]; and I invariably observe that those persons who easily comprehend the parts which belong to mathematical science are entirely at fault with whatever concerns the metaphysical portion, and *vice versa*; so much so, that I affirm, in all truth, never to have met but your Highness only to whose intelligence both parts were equally clear; which is the cause why I hold that intelligence to be really and truly incomparable." Only on one topic were Descartes and the Princess divided in opinion, and that was the important subject of religion. But Descartes, though a Catholic, was by no means a bigot; and Elizabeth, though a zealous Protestant, would never permit theological differences to interrupt the tranquil enjoyments which flowed from their long-continued friendship. After residing for many years in Holland, the philosopher repaired to the court of Queen Christina of Sweden, another learned lady who had been captivated by his writings, and in the course of a few months fell a victim to the rigid severity of a northern climate. He corresponded with the Princess Palatine to the last, and vainly sought to encourage an intimacy between her and Christina. But the monarch of the north was jealous of the Princess's attainments, and even rudely repulsed all advances.

The last phase of the life of the Princess Palatine is a very curious one. The restoration of her brother Charles Louis to a portion of his dominions enabled her to return with him to Heidelberg, where she resided about ten years, and earned for herself great celebrity as the patroness of learning and learned men. But family differences,—the loss of the society of her younger sister Sophia, who became the Electress of Hanover, and the ancestress of that illustrious line of monarchs who have now for nearly a century and a half occupied the throne of England,—these, with other circumstances, combined to render Heidelberg no longer a congenial residence to the Princess. At length the death of the Protestant Abbot of Herford enabled her to enter upon a new sphere of action, and, "on the 30th of April, 1667, she was, with all due pomp and ceremony, enthroned Abbess of the Chapter and Convent of Herford." The office was one of considerable influence and responsibility. "It was," says her present biographer, "no unenviable position, even in the seventeenth century, and after the Reformation had shorn of half their splendour the dignitaries of the church—it was still no unenviable position to be head and superior of such an abbey and chapter as that of Herford." Within her little territory, the Abbess still preserved something like sovereign and independent authority. Her title was that of "Princess and Prelates of the Holy Roman Empire;" and she had the privilege of sending her delegate to the Imperial Diets. The manner in which the Princess Palatine fulfilled the duties of this high station has been much criticised. That she became to a certain extent the victim of a crafty visionary cannot be denied; but, at the same time, the judgment passed upon her by the Baroness de Bury appears to us extravagantly harsh. "The Princess Elizabeth," she says, "had sunk into a dreamy, unsettled state of mind when scarcely beyond the meridian of life; and we may seek in vain, in the Abbess of Herford, for the high-soaring, bright intelligence that shone so serenely over the Courts of Berlin and Heidelberg, and made the Hague a spot whither, from all European countries, tended the pilgrims of intellect. The friend of Descartes, the 'Wonder of the North,' is no more; and there remains, instead, a mystical, weak-witted, self-willed matron, equally wanting the calm, proud dignity that accompanies self-conscious intelligence of the highest order, and the mild, assured serenity which is the result of religious conviction alone."

Contrast with this the character of the Abbess of Herford, as delineated by William Penn, in his *No Cross No Crown*:—

Her meekness and humility appeared to me extraordinary; she never considered the quality, but the merit of the people she entertained. Did she hear of a retired man, hid from the world, and seeking after the knowledge of a better, she was sure to set him down in the catalogue of her charity. I have casually seen, I believe, fifty tokens sealed and unpreserved to the several poor subjects of her bounty, whose distances would not suffer them to know one another; though they knew her, whom yet some of them had yet never seen. Thus, though she kept no sumptuous table in her own court, she spread the tables of the poor in their solitary cells, breaking bread to virtuous pilgrims, according to their wants and her ability; abstemious in herself, and in apparel void of all vain

ornaments, I must needs say her mind had a nobler prospect; her eye was to a better and more lasting inheritance than can be found below, which made her often to despise the greatness of courts and learning of the schools, of which she was an extraordinary judge. Being once at Hamburg, a religious person whom she went to see for religion's sake, telling her it was too great an honour for him that he should have a visitant of her quality come under his roof, that was allied to several great kings and princes of this world, she humbly answered, If they were godly as well as great, it would be an honour indeed; but, if you knew what that greatness was as well as I, you would value less that honour.

The only imprudence or misconduct imputed to the Abbess of Herford is that, against the wishes of her subjects and the advice of her friends, she permitted the notorious Jean Labadie and his foolish followers to shelter themselves in her small territory, after they had been expelled from various states and cities. But, however impious may have been the doctrines of this self-styled apostle and his sect, it must be remembered that he had many influential followers, and amongst them was one of the Abbess of Herford's earliest and dearest friends. This was no other than the learned lady Anna Schürmann, of whom we have before spoken, and who, when Labadie and his followers were fugitives and outcasts, had written to her old friend, and besought her "by their forty years' friendship" to afford an asylum to "the only true Church." The Abbess at once complied, and the Labadists were permitted to enter her small state, to the great disgust of the inhabitants. The doctrines and pretensions of this man Labadie were sufficiently irrational and repulsive. His sect was identical, in all its features, with the modern *Agapemones*—a "Family of Love," of which he was the idol, priest, and prophet. Many scandalous stories were circulated about him, of which it is to be feared the greater part were founded in truth. Above all, it is affirmed that he maintained the two doctrines against which the feelings of civilised men have uniformly revolted; and upon this subject the Baroness de Bury has collected the following curious particulars:—

DOCTRINES OF THE LABADISTS.

The two foremost complaints against these members of "the only true Church" were, that they practised community of goods and community of women. The latter part of the charge was principally based (inasmuch as regarded their stay at Herford) upon the obstinate manner in which they refused to alter their mode of living, namely, all together, and without distinction of sex. We say, "in as far as Herford was concerned," because in some of their former places of refuge, the accusation was based on much stronger evidence. The other charge was, however, undeniable; for on the entrance of a member into the association, he was held to give up everything he possessed into Labadie's hands, to sign a renunciation of it for ever, and afterwards to gain his daily bread by work. In the "Acta," concerning Labadie's life and doctrines, which are preserved in the State Archives in Berlin, there is a well-authenticated, duly-witnessed complaint brought against him by a widow who had followed him from Middleburg. The complaint is addressed to the Abbess and to General Ellern, and the substance of it is as follows:—Anna Bianda, with two sons and a daughter, had gone over to Labadie in Amsterdam, in 1670, having sold everything she had, and from that sale realised 782 florins, which were given into the "Master's" hands, under the express condition that the widow "was all her life to be provided for by the community." Notwithstanding this, her sons had been forced to work every day for their food, Labadie observing to them that "rich and poor were equal, and that no difference existed between them." One of these sons soon formed an attachment to a young girl named Sarah Pollen, and requested the consent of the head of the community to his marriage. Labadie refused, angrily saying, that "God had not yet revealed to him any such necessity," and he excluded the would-be bridegroom from any participation in the daily instructions and worship. Nor was this all. One unlucky day, the young journeyman, it appears, was led into the abominable sin of actually giving his sweetheart a kiss! For this crime he was thrown into prison, bound hand and foot with chains, and so grievously ill-treated, that he was incapacitated for work. Upon the remonstrances made by the mother, she and her sons were expelled the community and town, but arrested some hours later on the road, brought forcibly back to Herford, and made to sign a paper, whereby they declared that they had nothing to reclaim from the community. The demand addressed to the Abbess for restitution of the sums given to Labadie, on conditions he had not fulfilled, and also for a decree of punishment to be inflicted on Labadie and his acolyte, Yvon. As this incident occurred immediately before the expulsion of the Labadists from Herford, both the Abbess and the electoral authorities seem to have thought it best not

to provoke further scandal by following it up; and whilst the "Acta" perfectly substantiate the offence, they afford no trace whatever of the redress.

After the departure of the Labadists from Herford—for, in spite of the Abbess's support, that small state became too hot to hold them—some religionists of a different stamp were attracted thither. The character of the Abbess had excited the admiration of the English Quakers, and a deputation of Quakeresses arrived at her court. Ultimately she received a visit from the far-famed William Penn, who soon established a considerable influence over her "impressionable" mind. Penn paid her two visits, and his description of the last of these is extremely solemn and pathetic:—

The missionary's visit was a short one, and the farewell bidden to him by his royal friend was, although neither knew it, for eternity. "I cannot forget her last words," says Penn, in a chapter consecrated to the Princess Palatine: "they were, 'Remember me though I live so far away from you, and shall never see you more. I thank you for these few happy days, and know and am certain that although I am by position exposed to many temptations, my soul feels a strong desire for what is best.' Whilst the Princess bade him adieu, Penn fell upon his knees and implored the blessing of Heaven upon her. He also prayed for the Countess Horn, who begged of him to do so; and then, approaching the "French lady," who has been already mentioned as having supped with him at the Abbess's table, with gentle earnestness besought her (she was a Catholic) to remain always true to whatever were her conscientious convictions.

We will only add, that this singular woman survived to the age of sixty-two, and died on the 11th of February, 1680.

The present biography is on the whole so interesting that we cannot bring ourselves to criticise minor faults. We content ourselves with a simple verdict of approval.

MR. N. COOKE continues to add to his "Illustrated Library" some of the best books in our language. He has now reproduced *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, with numerous wood-cuts, to be completed by Mr. Wm. HAZLITT in four volumes; but so much has been contributed by the editor that it may be looked upon almost as an original work. In his preface he reminds us that this is a first attempt to publish collective notices of all the British poets of whom any memorials whatever could be obtained—to compile, in fact, a complete biographical dictionary of our poets. How laboriously Mr. Hazlitt has performed his task may be judged by this—that the first volume contains upwards of 220 memoirs of poets. That brings him only to Waller (for the arrangement is alphabetical), and three volumes are yet to come. When completed it will be one of the most valuable contributions to the library which we have had for a long time. Mr. Hazlitt should carry out the design here so well begun, and give us a series of other lives—as the Painters, Musicians, Historians, Philosophers, and so forth. A boundless field is open to him.—*A Memoir of Thomas Clarkson*, the great leader of the anti-slavery movement in England, has been published by Mr. JAMES ELMES. It contains also a sketch of the anti-slavery struggle, and is, in fact, a concise history of that glorious enterprise of peace and religion.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Law of the Love of God: an Essay on the Commandments of the First Table of the Decalogue. By GEORGE MOBERLY, D.C.L., Head Master of Winchester College. (Winchester: David Nutt.)—Under this title we have an interesting and instructive exposition of the first four commandments, in accordance with the summary given of them by the Saviour himself—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind: this is the first and great commandment." But while the sum and substance of the first table of the Decalogue is love to God, "the four laws are the detail of that love, . . . not being identical with each other, nor any one of them trenching on the subject of another." The writer accordingly sets himself to an examination of each, from the point of view first indicated, namely, the law of love to God. The first commandment he defines as "the law of piety;" the second, as "the law of spiritual faith;" the third, as "the law of reverence of the name of God;" and the fourth, as the law of "obedience in ordinances." These definitions, which may at first sight seem arbitrary to the reader, will be found, upon a perusal of the work, to have been dictated by a sound judgment. Dr. Moberly has evidently thought out his subject with a due sense of its importance. In the little volume before us there is nothing superfluous and nothing wanting. The author carefully guards himself against wandering away from the immediate object of his

essay. Matters of dispute in doctrine come occasionally under discussion. These he only lightly touches upon; but whenever he does so it is to enunciate the plain, broad views of the Church of England, as held by our most honoured divines. Some of our Nonconformist friends will, we anticipate, find fault with a few of his remarks on the fourth commandment; and there are others (although we trust not a numerous class) who will be unwilling to bestow as much attention upon the work as the author's close reasoning often requires. We must warn these, however, that it will well repay their pains, and we have much pleasure in commending it to the notice of all our readers.

The venerable William Jay, of Bath, who died on the 27th of December last, at the advanced age of eighty-four, has bequeathed to his countrywomen a little work, entitled *Lectures on Female Scripture Characters* (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) It is a production of the author's mature years, overseen and revised by him just before his decease. "While the last sheet was passing through the press, the venerable author was summoned to his rest." This fact alone must stamp it with a peculiar interest for those who had the privilege of being acquainted with him. But, intrinsically, it is a work of solid comfort and instruction. From the examples of such characters as the Shunamite, Mary Magdalen, Hannah, Anna the prophetess, Lydia, Dorcas, and others, the author derives some of the best lessons on the practice of the Christian virtues. These he endeavours to impress both upon the understandings and hearts of his readers, which he does in such a winning way as cannot fail to be successful. Whoever is acquainted with the writer's previous works, will be glad to learn that the present is equally entitled to their regard, and will hasten to its perusal; but we have no doubt that it will obtain a wide circulation among others besides the author's professed admirers.

We have lately noticed so many of Dr. Cumming's works, that we fear our readers will regard him as a standing item in our bill of fare. It is not, however, because an author has produced much, that the reviewer is justified in passing over his latest works. We have already expressed it as our opinion that Dr. Cumming writes much too hastily. He is, however, a popular favourite, and some of his writings have, we believe, done a great deal of good. His newest volume is entitled *The Tent and the Altar; or, Sketches from Patriarchal Life*. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.) It is upon the whole a disappointing book. The title is exceedingly attractive, and we looked to find in it some vivid sketches of patriarchal life. But it contains no such thing. Some well-known incidents in the lives of the patriarchs are just barely mentioned, and upon each the writer strings a variety of reflections, desultory remarks, and illustrations, appeals to the reader, and what are generally called practical lessons. Much of all this is exceedingly commonplace; but we must at the same time acknowledge that some beautiful passages are to be found here and there—a thing perhaps not to be wondered at in a work extending to as many as 584 pages.

Practical Sermons, designed for vacant Congregations and Families. By the Rev. ALBERT BARNES. First English Edition, with additional Sermons. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)—The writer of these Sermons is best known in this country by his *Notes on the New Testament*. How many a one has derived assistance from his pages when engaged in the critical study of the Scriptures! We are not sure that the present volume will obtain the same measure of success as the *Notes*, one reason being that it is not so much called for. Practical sermons abound among us. We have them from preachers of all denominations; and so numerous are they, that any foreign importation may be regarded by many as a superfluity. Dr. Barnes's, however, are excellent. Their character is sufficiently described by the author in the following extract from his preface:—"The discourses in this volume are wholly practical. They were intended to be such as would be adapted to impress on the mind the importance and necessity of personal religion, and to urge the necessity of a holy life as the first great duty of man. There are no sermons in the volume which professedly discuss the doctrines of Christianity; and no sentiments are intended to be advanced which would offend Evangelical Christians of any denomination. The appeals, illustrations, and arguments to a holy life are based on the supposition of the truth of the Evangelical doctrines; but it was no part of the plan to discuss those doctrines, or to make them prominent."

"Thy Kingdom Come," or, Pilgrimage and Emigration to Palestine, or the Holy Land, and Restoration of the Jews (London: Clarke)—is the first of a series of tracts by a benevolent individual (name unknown to us), who gives the following account of himself in his preface:—"Some years since I formed the resolution that my hours of relaxation from business should be devoted, as much as possible, to objects tending to the advancement of science, or otherwise conducing to the good of mankind. For some years those hours were accordingly devoted to the promotion of education amongst the working classes, and also, I trust not without permanent results, both theoretical and practical, to the promotion of physical science." One project, which the writer cherished for some time,

was the establishment of an entirely new state in some wilderness of the New World, "to be composed exclusively of a well-educated and highly moral population, and, consequently, entirely free from the baneful influences of theological hatred." This, however, he has now given up, turning his attention to Palestine instead, as a country which "might possess a government both consecrated to perpetual peace under the solemn protection and guarantee of the principal European Governments, and thus form a nucleus whence civilisation and learning, whence the humanising effects of the fine arts, whence true piety and charity, might be more readily diffused, both by precept and example, than from any other spot on the earth, to every part of the old world." The gradual restoration of the Jews to the land of their forefathers forms a part of the writer's scheme. He does not, however, tell us how this is to be brought about; and indeed he is so discursive in this first tract, what with his talk about Confucius, Seneca, and so forth, that before we got to the end we had well-nigh forgotten the point from which he had started. As a man of business, which he professes to be, we should advise him, in the next number of his series, to stick more closely to the matter in hand, and explain his views in a more practical manner. We were going to say something further; but the following sentence disarms criticism:—"Let the charitable reader excuse as well as he can the deficiencies of this attempt to be useful, on account of my life having been chiefly passed in the country, and in the drudgery of an arduous profession; of my nearly entire isolation all my life from the great sources of learning; of my not possessing one kind monitor or literary friend; and being without present access to many books I require."

A Manual of Parochial Psalmody; comprising Select Portions from the Old and New Versions of the Psalms, together with Hymns for the principal Festivals, &c. of the Church of England. By the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D. Thirty-sixth Edition. (London: Longmans.) 18mo., and in another edition 32mo.—A publication which has reached its thirty-sixth edition, and which has had for its compiler the author of the *Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, does not need our commendation; but we think it due to Mr. Horne to announce these two new cheap and very neatly-printed editions of his *Parochial Psalmody*, and to recommend them to our clerical readers as a truly valuable aid to the devotional harmony of their churches. Both are printed from new stereotype plates, and the 32mo. edition, from its cheapness, is particularly adapted for village churches, and for parochial and Sunday-schools.

A Practical Treatise on Christian Baptism. By THOMAS HOUSTON, D.D. (Paisley: Gardner)—is a work intended by the author to set forth the nature, privileges, and responsibilities of the Sacrament of Baptism. This being the initiatory rite of Christianity, it will be readily acknowledged that it is a point of interest for all to ascertain what is the mind of Scripture on the subject. It is one, however, upon which there is a great variety of opinion at the present day, members even of the same Church differing materially with each other as to its nature and design. It would lead us too far to investigate, or even state, Dr. Houston's views on the subject. Merely observing, therefore, that his work may be read with edification even by those who differ from him in some respects, since it displays a spirit of seriousness and anxiety for the truth quite in keeping with the importance of its subject, we turn to another of his publications, which is on a matter widely different. This is entitled *The Races: the Evils connected with Horse-racing and the Steeple-chase, and their demoralising effects.* (Paisley: Gardner.)—That the evils connected with horse-racing are numerous and startling, few, we think, would attempt to deny; Dr. Houston sets these forth in a very forcible manner; and seeing no hope of amendment, inasmuch as a spirit of gambling is at the bottom of them all, he would wish to do away with the practice altogether. Its ancient origin, however, the ideas associated with it, and the high patronage it has always received, render any attempt at its discontinuance as utterly futile as the attempt of the teetotallers to introduce the Maine Liquor Law into these islands. Dr. Houston is aware how wedded the community at large are to the amusement, and in his crusade against it appeals only to the professedly religious class for support.

Rome and the Gospel. By the Rev. JAMES MORGAN, D.D., Belfast (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter)—is an attempt on the part of the author to set forth the affirmative character of Protestantism. It is not sufficient, he thinks, to refute error—we must show what is the truth. Much has been written lately against Romanism, especially since the recent Papal aggression. "But," says the writer, "a careful observer of the manner in which the controversy has been conducted, can scarcely fail to perceive that the overthrow of error has been apparently the great object pursued by the majority of those who have engaged in it. No fault can be found with these, so far as they go; but it is a serious question, whether they ought not always to go farther. When the apostle Paul addressed the Galatians, and exposed the errors into which they had been betrayed, he dwelt still more fully on the illustration and establishment of the doctrines of grace. This is the model on which all our controversies for truth should be

conducted; and this is what is aimed at in the following pages." Dr. Morgan is highly successful in his mode of treating the subject from this point of view; and his work, though brief, will be found useful to such as are pressed by the arguments commonly urged by Romanists against what they call the negative character of Protestantism.

Twelve Letters on Transubstantiation; containing Two Challenges to the Rev. Dr. Cahill, as well as a Critique on the Sermon delivered by him in Coleraine, on the 26th of May, 1853. By JAMES C. L. CARSON, M.D. (Derry)—is a publication which we cannot recommend to our readers. The Romanist doctrine of transubstantiation, which it assails, has been far more ably refuted by other writers, and the cause of truth has, we think, nothing to gain from advocates who use such intemperate language as Dr. Carson. Whatever may be the opinion of our friends in Derry, we in London do not love to see controversy so conducted; and we are not at all surprised that Dr. Cahill refused his medical opponent's challenge to swallow a poisoned wafer (considering his slight chance of recovering from the same within a week), and thereby earning a hundred pounds, to be given to the Roman Catholic Chapel at Coleraine.

The Two Sacraments. By the Rev. B. L. WITTS, M. A. Incumbent of Hersham, Surrey. (King and Co. Brighton. Seeleys, London.)—The author of these unaffected but most important papers, has earned a widely-spread reputation, by the earnest and sincere piety which pervades all his instructive productions, especially those adapted to the young. Difficulties vanish before the clear intelligence he manifests in his treatment of sacred subjects, and he appears to have hit exactly that simplicity of language which wins the heart while it convinces the understanding.

We conclude with the mention of a new publication on the Apocalypse, the most absurd of all the absurd writings that abound on that subject. It is entitled *The Seventh Angel; Peace on Earth, or the Mystery Unveiled. Showing the signification of the Beast, designated by the number 666—the Angel having the Little Book open in his Hand—the Two Witnesses—the Dragon, and the Kingdom of the Son of Man.* By the Author of "Trinology," &c. (London: Strange.) When Father Newman, some time ago, propounded his interpretation of the mystical number in the Apocalypse, as meaning the "Reformed British Parliament," it was no doubt meant by him to be received by all and sundry as a joke, such as even solemn and sacerdotal persons like himself will sometimes indulge in. In the pamphlet before us, however, the same interpretation is put forth in the gravest way imaginable, without the slightest allusion to the Rev. Father. The number of the beast, 666, is thus arrived at:—"It is well enough known that the Government of Great Britain is not a monarchy represented by one individual; it is neither a pure democracy, an aristocracy, a theocracy, nor autocracy. It may be said to partake of all these elements; and this mixed government of our beloved land is the wonder and admiration of the world. The legislature of Great Britain is made up of Lords and Commons; 658 constituencies of the Commons, and eight constituencies of the peerage; making together, 666. The eight constituencies of the Peerage are: 1st, peers of the blood royal; 2nd, archbishops; 3rd, dukes; 4th, marquises; 5th, earls; 6th, viscounts; 7th, bishops; 8th, barons. These form the House of Lords." We shall only further state that the angel mentioned in the 10th chapter of the Apocalypse is set forth as the "angel or spirit of the Reform Bill of 1832!" and that the oath sworn by the angel "that there should be time no longer" must be interpreted as signifying "that there should be time for corruption, misgovernment, waste of the public moneys, oppression of the poor, &c., &c. no longer!" We shall not waste the time of our readers by quoting any farther from such a heap of preposterous nonsense.

EDUCATION.

The Biography of Simpson, by the Rev. JOHN BRUCE, is an attempt to make a book out of the materials for a few pages, and this is done by the introduction of topics extremely foreign to the subject in hand. We cannot recommend it.—Mrs. HUTCHINSON's remarks on *The Early Education of Children* are extremely sensible, but they have little of novelty. Their general diffusion will be serviceable, for, spite of all the press has done, there is a woful quantity of ignorance in our nurseries.—A second edition of H. MANNHEIMER'S *Study of German Simplified* has been very much improved. It is one of the best manuals for the student of German that we have seen.—The VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH has just published a volume entitled *Conversations on Geography; or, the Child's First Introduction to where he is, what he is, and what also there is beside.* The dialogues, which are supposed to be held between some children and their mamma, are written in an easy conversational strain, and with the avoidance as far as possible of words not likely to be intelligible to little boys and girls, or where it was necessary to

* Not having ourselves seen the publication of Dr. Newman in which this appears, we must refer to M. Bunsen's *Hippolytus* as our authority.

use them, their meaning is carefully explained. We are not sure that Lady Falmouth has not entered somewhat too minutely into her subject; but this would depend upon the age of the reader, perhaps. We think, too, that she has been more profuse with statistics than is desirable where children are to be tempted to learn by being amused, and informed by what they learn. She writes pictorially, and that is the most important consideration in children's books. Altogether, it is a valuable contribution to the work of education.—The new volume of *Jacob Abbott's Histories* is devoted to Xerxes. This is one of the best series of books for children now before the public. The author has the happy faculty of telling a story in an amusing manner, so as to fix the attention of children.—*Pleasant Poems*, by Mrs. BURDESS, are not pleasant. Children dislike imperfect metre and bad rhymes as much as grown people.—*A Practical Grammar of the German Language*, by L. M. TUCHMAN, has one original feature. An appendix of examples of commercial and other letters, and such like information of everyday-requirement, is preferable to imaginary conversations which never do occur in real life.—*A Course of Arithmetic as taught in the Pestalozzian School, Workshop*, by J. L. ELLENBERGER, does not appear to us in any manner to simplify either the teaching or the learning of arithmetic, but rather the contrary. We cannot discover the peculiar merits of Mr. Ellenberger's plan. The best feature is the homeliness of his illustrations; but that is not an original one.—*A Treatise on Elementary Statics*, by the Rev. R. FOWLER, is the first part of an essay on mechanics for the use of schools. It has, however, the common fault of being too abstruse and difficult for young people.—*Elementary Exercises for C. A. Maynard's Elementary French Grammar*, is a necessary adjunct to that work.—*A Collection of Poetry for the Practice of Elocution* is acceptable as poetry; but we are unable to discover in it any peculiar adaptation for the practice of elocution. For such a purpose it would have been possible to have made a much more apt selection.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Bolivia, with a Tour across the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, &c. By L. HUGH DE BONELLI, of her Britannic Majesty's Legation. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Anadol, the Last Home of the Faithful. By the Author of "The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk." London: Bentley.

MR. BONELLI was appointed, in May 1848, our *chargé d'affaires* in Bolivia, and the volumes upon our table contain a lively and graphic narrative of his adventures while journeying thither, and during a part of his residence there. But the reader will find no revelations of state secrets, no political discourses, no gossip of coteries, no portraits even of the persons with whom the author was officially brought in contact. On all such matters he preserves a prudent silence, as becomes his diplomatic character. He is free to discourse only when he is travelling about and can record his impressions of men and things as they are presented to his eyes, and which he faithfully transfers to paper; so that the reader finds a very familiar acquaintance with the external aspect of Bolivia, by the time he has reached the last page of Mr. Bonelli's amusing and instructive volumes. From this account of it, the reader will see that it is a book only to be introduced to him by extracts.

This is from the description of the capital,

LA PAZ.

The general characteristics of the place are heavy carved balconies, painted green after the Limanian fashion. In the centre of the quadrangle is an elegant stone fountain, exhibiting workmanship of a very high order, in the style of the French School of sculptural design. The architect of this work, and the designer of most of the modern public buildings of the republic, is a Senor Nancy, a gentleman of decided talent, who was sent by the late president, at the expense of the government, to Italy, France, and England, for the purposes of study, and who availed himself so well of these advantages that the fruits of his genius will bear a favourable comparison with the best works of the artists of these several countries. Leading into the Grand Plaza is the Calle de Comercio, which forms the end of a long series of streets from the heights to the city, and which constitute the principal entrance into it from that quarter. The shops which it contains are of a very ordinary character, both as respects outward appearance and internal convenience; but nevertheless they often contain valuable stock to a very large amount, consisting mostly of English and French goods. There are several commercial houses here engaged in a large way of business. The principal are those carried on by Senors Zabala, Grenier, Masoer, Sainza, Aramago, Loruco y Hermanos, Portales, and Stokes. Of private mansions, there are several which merit notice. Those of Senors Villamil, Bolivian, Santa Cruz,

Medina, and Grenier, are among the best. The market-place, during the former part of the day, presents a very lively scene. Hundreds of Indian women and children are to be seen squatted on the ground, and selling their provisions, consisting of various wares, mining implements, fruits, flowers, and vegetables; and, in the sombre attire of their habitual mourning (said to be for their departed Incas), forming a marked contrast with the gay and pretty Creole women who come to make their purchases, dressed out in their gaudy petticoats of various hues. By the way, those who are admirers of dark eyes must be on their guard against the seductive influence of these attractions on the part of the latter. Then the attention is diverted to the water-carriers, both male and female, passing to and from the fountain, and bending under the weight of their huge *contaros*. Occasionally the scene is varied by a number of fat *padres*, accompanied by little boys, chanting, as they march in procession, in honour of some great image of a saint, which is decked out with all the finery they can heap upon it. The tinkling of a bell warns the stranger quietly to withdraw from a too near approach to the important ceremonial, or otherwise he will find that he must submit, in common with others, to the usual reverence which is exacted, according to the peculiarities of the country.

The church feasts and ceremonies here are very numerous. We extract a description of one of them, as it is characteristic.

THE FEAST OF LA SEÑORA DE LA PAZ.

During many days previous great exertions had been made in the erection of scaffoldings in front of the old cathedral. These were from thirty to forty feet high, and covered with crimson cloth, and were abundantly decorated with pictures of saints, framed in silver, forks, spoons, dishes, jugs, and all sorts of domestic utensils, of the same precious metal; images, garlands, drapery, together with fruits of every variety, from the water-melon to the fragrant pineapple; flowers of every description, and of every hue; vegetables of all sorts and sizes, from the formidable pumpkin to the unassuming radish, all tastefully arranged around silver, plaster, and wooden images of saints and angels, which cut rather a ludicrous figure as they peered forth from amidst such a profusion of dainty fare. Within the building, the various altars were adorned in like manner with everything calculated to add to the gaiety of the scene. The neighbourhood was filled with roving parties of Indians, attired in the peculiar costume of their several tribes; some of them, both men and women, following the fashion of the Peruvians, carried crowns of variegated feathers on their heads, leopard skins thrown over their shoulders, and their bodies decked with kirtles of feathers. With bows and arrows in their hands, and dancing unweariedly to the rude sounds of their native music, these unpolished sons of nature were to be met with in all parts of the city for hours, and failed not to excite attention in their efforts to celebrate the day. Some parties appeared in long robes of white, neatly plaited round the body, with their faces blackened, and wearing broad belts of variegated feathers of exquisite workmanship—others with lappels or wings of the same material—the head-dress being a sort of diadem, with one feather at the back. Each person carried a Pandean pipe, which in some cases was of large, in others of small dimensions—but the combined effect of them, though the intonations were in rather a melancholy strain, was anything but disagreeable or inharmonious. Some of the most eccentric performers on this occasion wore large cocked hats, several yards in extent, made of paper, and trimmed with variegated feathers, the aforesaid plume in the centre of colossal dimensions, forming a conspicuous feature; their faces wearing masks, representing the heads of wolves, bears, or monkeys. Others appeared habited in old court suits, or faded regimentals, with epaulettes of feathers, and mounted on imitation buffaloes, leopards, and dragons, having their legs hidden by a kind of petticoat. In their hands they carried small looking-glasses, in which they continually affected to admire themselves, and they produced much merriment by their antics and gambols, occasionally rushing at the people with their horns—then formally and with much ceremony joining the musicians and dancers. At night large bonfires illuminate the neighbourhood, and a general fire of squibs and crackers takes place, until the actors in this strange scene, overcome with drink, reel, quarrel, fight, and tumble home. The general effect at night is much heightened by the numerous lamps and lanterns with which the several altars of the church are decorated. The amusements peculiar to this festival generally last between two and three days, when, to those who love quiet and decorum, it is agreeable to find that order is again restored.

Mr. Bonelli, during his voyage, fell in with the "sea-horse," as it is called; and, from his description of it, there can be little doubt that it is the creature so often mistaken for

THE SEA SERPENT.

Passing over the cliff, along which lay the first part of our journey, we had the calm waters of the bay

spread out beneath us. Whilst watching from the dizzy heights its mirrored surface, my attention was directed to some strange animal, which I discovered to be one of those enormous sea-horses, to which I have alluded, in speaking of the island of San Lorenzo. Its appearance, from the great elevation at which I beheld it, was extremely singular. Its body seemed to be of a prodigious length, and covered with a short, glossy coat. With the exception of two great white tusks, projecting from the mouth on either side, the form of its head resembled that of a seal. This monster swam about with great rapidity, at times showing the greater portion of his body above the water, and at other times disappearing from view altogether.

We laugh, blush, or rail at Ramsagate, according to the moment; but that is nothing to

BATHING AT LIMA.

On the following morning I took a stroll along the beach, and was much amused at witnessing the singular mode adopted by the ladies for the enjoyment of a water excursion. The bathing-men are Indians, very stout and robust, who being divested of every species of covering, except a pair of drawers, take to the water, each carrying a lady upon his shoulders. The men strike out to swim, and do so without inconveniencing the ladies, who float horizontally on the surface of the water. In this way they are carried for a mile or more, and appear to enjoy this novel mode of locomotion extremely.

Anadol is the somewhat affected name given to a narrative of a ramble by a gentleman, who has, in a previous volume, shown himself to be familiar with the East, and who has been probably tempted by the success that attended his former essay, and the present interest attaching to the locality here described, to produce another volume, which may be deemed as supplementary to his former ones. Books upon Turkey, Russia, and the seat of war, are now so thronging upon us, that we are obliged to be brief in the notice of any of them, so that even from this, which is one of the best, we can only afford a single extract, and we take that which will, just now, be the most interesting to our readers. It is the description of a place that has attained a melancholy renown:—

SINOPE.

A stroll on shore to see the place and sketch it from the circling beach agreeably filled up a long lovely evening. The sun had veiled his bloodshot eyes behind a dark bank of clouds, leaving lurid tints of purple and yellow to pervade earth, air, and water. The wind, hushed; the bay, as frozen over; the town, silent as sleep or death; not even one twittering bird to break the heavy stillness of our walk; fishermen drawing their nets languidly, pendent sails wooing the breeze in vain, and lazy oars unimproved along boats' sides; all Sinope the embodiment of calm repose in its highest ideality; is this healthy rest, or mouldering dissolution? Is it the renovating interval between two periods of laborious activity, or is the soul for ever fled? The temples, palaces, and porticoes erected by a powerful line of kings, have been levelled with the dust. Nought remains of so much magnificence save a dirty oriental town of a thousand wretched houses, surrounded by crumbling walls and tottering towers of Byzantine construction. Almost equally a wreck is the enormous hull of an embryo two-decker, which stands unlaunched on the stocks; built here where timber and work are cheap; never finished; allowed to rot. Does this fact elucidate the subject? Alas, for Sinope! The ancient capital of Pontus under that great man Mithridates Eupator, and the birthplace of that great beast Diogenes the Cynic, originally a colony of the Milesians, and deriving its name from an amphibious young lady, who was the unnatural offspring of a river and a town, the Asopos and Methone, after she eloped hither with a third element, Apollo or the Sun, shows indeed but few traces of such illustrious antecedents. Many fragments of ancient architectural art, however, such as broken columns, mutilated cornices, and half-defaced inscriptions on architraves and sepulchral stones, have been made use of in raising these feeble fortifications, and they still attest what Sinope once was; while the quarries above the town, whence one of the calcareous beds in the trachytic rock overlaid by a black volcanic formation seems to have furnished its building materials, tell an eloquent tale of its sudden downfall, for large blocks lie there heven and ready for removal, some sculptured, and some actually on their way to the city. We saw also the picturesque ruins of an aqueduct, designed by Pliny the Younger to supply the Sinopians with good water from a distance of sixteen miles; and the ancient mole can be distinguished under the sea, inclosing a considerable space along the shore, and leaving only a narrow entrance for galleys; but many of the great square stones composing it have been worn and displaced by the action of the waves, with the aid of that universal destroyer, Time.

THE WAR BOOKS.

Another Note on the Turkish Question (not by authority), but by the Author. London: Saunders and Otley.

The perusal of numerous documents and innumerable productions connected with the "Eastern question" has convinced us that the term "plain prose" is a misnomer, and ought to have been included by the discerning Browne in the list of *vulgar errors*. Possibly when that philosopher lived and wrote, prose was plain, and adapted to the capacity of our grandfathers; but the diplomatic style has made progress in these latter days, and soon, if the infection spreads, we shall cease to compliment an author for clearness of thought or lucidity of expression—the test of power will be to reach the highest point of obscurity, and the most artistic combination of words when they appear entirely innocent of meaning.

But when we wished to see no further notes on the Turkish question, we did not anticipate a poetical one. We had not previously understood the value of a rhyme to elucidate mysteries or render facts intelligible. We did not expect to reach a period when the simple definition "two and two make four" could be perverted, twisted, and distorted, till the safety of the world and the restoration of common sense might depend upon the arrangement of a couplet; for example, thus:—

Two and two make four,
And they will make no more.

We are much indebted to the author of *Another Note* for his version in plain poetry of an affair so complicated by diplomatic prose, that we have long ceased to remember a beginning or foreseen an end. With pleasure, therefore, as when a geologist discovers the true nature of a fossil, we present our readers with the author's

RETROSPECT.

I am fain to confess
I can do nothing less,
That in matters of date
It has not been my fate
An effect to create,
But I think I may state,
Without fear of gainsay,
That 'twas early in May,
Fifty-three, when the first
Idea on us burst
That a something was brewing,
In what Russia was doing,
Which might sooner or later
Employment cater

For the Mines, the rifles, the thousand inventions
Which the peaceage, of course with most dove-like intentions,
Has sent forth to the world with such wondrous celerity,
As to make wise men doubt of the peace folk's sincerity.

I've a thought, quite my own,
That that confounded loan,
Which, like other bold men,
At a premium of ten
I bought, and of course
Sold again at a loss,
Was the very beginning
Of the Emperor's sinning:
It may seem
A wild dream,
But I think that he thought,
That by making the Porte
Not do that which it ought,
He might kick up a row,
He cared little how.

Between England and France, which might shake in the end
Their ancient relations of ally and friend.

Be this as it may,
'Twas early in May
That the Emperor sent off
That fool, Menschikoff,
With a monstrous demand,
Which he knew beforehand

Would never be granted; but still, to make sure,
(For no Russian to fail in his aim can endure.)

He bade him neglect
Every mark of respect,
And in *paletot* and hat,
Called a *wide awake*, that
Contained in itself an impertinence flat,
Present his credentials,
And insist as essentials

On all that he knew in his own story heart
Were the very last things from which Medjid would part.

OBJECT OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.

Still the peace party swore that the river to cross
Must always result in such terrible loss

To the "rash fool" who durst
Attempt it the first.
That there was not a chance
But that England and France,
Backed by Austria and Prussia,
Would find for "dear Russia"
Some loop-hole or flaw
By which, minus a war,

He might keep the poor Provinces safe in his claw.

We conclude with the author's moral.

MORAL FOR TURKEY.

Never trust to your friends, and with very sharp eyes
Look well to the tricks of your so-called allies;
And always, dear Turkey, do still as you've done,
Trust yourself before all, and you'll ne'er be undone.
Remember that proverb now spreading afar,
"Aide toi," and be certain "le ciel t'aidera."

MORAL FOR RUSSIA.

As for you, you old bear, it's far more than your due,
But still to my task of philanthropy true,
I'll read you a lesson, although it's not new:
'Tis a proverb, and just to your impudence matched,
"Don't count your young Turks before they are hatched."

The Turk and the Hebrew; or, the Rule of the Crescent: a Story of Real Events and Living Persons. London: Hope and Co.

The Turk and the Hebrew is a tale descriptive of Oriental manners and customs, founded upon certain incidents which occurred during the stormy period when Mehemet Ali's government, reduced to extremities, was not scrupulous in the choice of means to raise supplies. The Jew, like the flying-fish, finds a foe at every turn. In every age, according to the strictest rules of logic, the amount of prosperity to which he was able to attain in any country determined the amount of persecution he had to undergo. His position amidst the motley populations of the East recalls the traditions of former times, and may well afford material for a striking picture.

The sufferings of the Farchies, a rich Jewish family, against whom the Pasha, with designs of confiscation, admits a charge that superstition only could create and ignorance receive, forms the subject of the story, in which Arabian Night scenes of Oriental luxury are relieved by acts of violence and terrible catastrophes. Example, it is said, is better than precept, it is sometimes better than description; and from the group of characters—"Latins, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Arabs, and Mahometans"—who join the hue and cry to hunt down the unhappy Hebrew, we select for introduction to our readers the person of a "Capuchin monk, mounted on a fine grey ass," contemplating the sun-set with apprehension, as he journeyed through a lonely road in the neighbourhood of Damascus:

FATHER ANDREW'S ENCOUNTER.

The good Father was evidently in no small haste to get over the ground; he kicked away at the ass's sides with his naked toes, and trotted along at a good rate, with a long, exaggerated, elongated, shadowy image of himself and his beast, made by the level light of the sinking sun, and stretching all across the way and over the orchards, keeping him company as he rode. Often did the good father glance towards the burning globe of light that was now going down so gloriously and majestically over those radiant Syrian fields; and it was evidently with apprehension and terror that he did glance towards it, and not with anything like admiration or contemplative pleasure. He was not thinking of Him who journeyed, nearly two thousand years ago, over those very fields—the traveller to Damascus—who, smitten at noon-day with a light more blinding and glorious than ever came even from that eastern sun, sunk down with darkened and dazzled eyes. The good Father was evidently thinking of nothing but the dangers of the road, and that he had a good chance of being be-nighted on it. Thus proceeding, in a state of all-imaginable fear and agitation, it was the hap of Padre Andreas to hear himself hailed from behind by a loud, clear, masculine voice, just as he reached a turning of the road that was to bring him in sight of his own monastery.

The ass, indignant at the rough treatment employed by the holy Father to urge an increased rate of speed, finally flings him into the road. He is recalled to consciousness by the voice which had occasioned the loss of his equilibrium, and recognises a former pupil. Warm greetings over, he requests the young traveller to accompany him to the monastery, and relate his European adventures, "which have no doubt been most extraordinary."

Far from it, my dear Padre. I have not met with a single adventure worth the trouble of telling. There was not even an Arab robber to enliven the way. As to their barbarous customs, mounting themselves upright on machines of discomfort they call chairs at all their social entertainments; torturing their heads and squeezing their brains, by thrusting them into outrageous and monstrously conceived contrivances; with many other instances of savage taste, I shall be very happy to dilate upon. I think, Father, the happiness of the greater part of mankind lies much more in these customs of every-day life than in all the equality of law and perfect administration of justice you told me I should find in Europe. Glad am I it is not the place of my abode, though the place of my birth. Glad was I to turn my face towards the land of sunrise. How is my father? continued the young man; "I hear from him but seldom; does he still retain the favour of the Pacha? How are my friends among the holy brotherhood?" On hearing this question, Father Andrew made a convulsive clutch at the high peak of the wooden saddle, and seemed to gasp for breath. "Is the cat dead?" cried Francisco. "No, my son, the cat is in good health," answered

Father Andrew; "but our unfortunate brother Thomas—"

Father Andrew proceeds to inform his incredulous pupil of the particulars connected with the mysterious disappearance of the "jolly Capuchin" supposed to be victim of the Jewish taste for Christian blood, and thus continues:

"Our unfortunate brother was certainly of a covetous disposition, and also somewhat given to levity. His jestings and his traffickings among the unbaptised had long been a source of grief to our whole community. They could not but end in evil, and so it proved. The devil inspired his children to give them just such an end as might have been expected. He tampered with Satan's sons, and they have been the death of him." "The death of him!" cried Francisco. "The Jews the death of the Padre Tomaso! Holy St. Paul! I should have thought the pious Father had been a match for all Jewry. Your reverence does not mean to say they have murdered him?" Father Andrew answered by another profound groan. "God and his saints!" cried Francisco. "My son," said Father Andrew, in a subdued and awe-struck voice, "the details are almost too horrible for any Christian tongue to utter them. The state of excitement into which the whole town has been thrown for more than a week past, baffles description. You know, my son, last week was Easter week, and the Passover of those horrible Jews, at which time they are commanded by their Talmud, and other hellish books, to prepare their Passover-cakes by mixing them with the blood of some Christian man, woman, or child; and it is thought they must have had their eyes on our unhappy brother for a long time." "I should think it was rarely or never they got such a treat," cried Francisco. "Blood of a holy Capuchin monk! St. Martin!" "True, my son," said Father Andrew; "and I should say our unfortunate brother had more blood in his body than all the rest of us. He was not much given to fasting, and what little meat there was on the table he usually ate, but seldom leaving the cat enough for her supper. No doubt those horrible Jews invited him so often to their feasts and entertainments, that he might be fat and in good condition against the Easter week. Brother Cyprian expresses himself of that opinion."

Francisco, although Christian and Portuguese, is attached to the family accused of this impossible crime; and a tender sentiment, cherished for the fair daughter of the Farchii, Berenice, constitutes the romance of the volume. His utmost efforts fail to avert coming disasters, prepared through the intrigues of Francisco's father, the rich Jew's Christian enemy and rival. But we forbear to mar the interest of the novel by premature development of the plot.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, Esq., Captain, R. A. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Co.
Agnes Valmar: a Novel. In 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

WHEN *Lady Lee's Widowhood* was amusing the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* month after month, great was the curiosity of the literary circles to discover the authorship. Many points were eagerly debated, and much speculation was indulged as to the name, the age, the profession of so original and lively a writer. Was it a first work, or was it the production of a practised hand? Certain tendencies to caricature indicated the former; but there was an ease, facility, and grace in the composition seldom found but in the latter. Upon the whole, our impression was that some novelist of repute had tried his hand at a new style, and, fearful of the result, had shrouded himself in the anonymous of a magazine until the verdict of the public had been taken upon the enterprise. Our conjecture, however, has proved to be erroneous. *Lady Lee's Widowhood* is really the production of a new novelist. Captain Hamley's name is strange to our literature; but not the less heartily will the world welcome such an accession to its ranks. We have no hesitation in pronouncing *Lady Lee's Widowhood* the most promising debut that has been made in fiction since Bulwer surprised the world with *Pelham*, or *Vivian Grey* made Disraeli famous.

Doubtless it was read by most of our readers, month by month, as it appeared in the columns of the best of the British magazines, whose good taste and discernment have introduced so many successful fictions to the public; it will not, therefore, be necessary to describe the story or the personages by whom it is played; they will

not be forgotten by any who have made acquaintance with them; and we would recommend all who may not have tasted the pleasure of its perusal to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded now, by its appearance in a collected form, to pass a few hours of enjoyment over its very pleasant pages. We can assure them that it is one of the liveliest books they have ever read; that it is remarkable for the rare quality of unaffectedness. Captain Hamley describes persons and things as he sees them, without indulging in silly sentimentalities, or pretending to be cynical, or saintly, or strait-laced, or moral-making, as is the weakness of so many of our novelists. So, in his dialogues, his men and women talk as people in real life do talk, going at once to the point, instead of declaiming and sermonising. He excels moreover in that in which novelists of our sex usually exhibit the most signal failures—the portraiture of ladies. With the rarest exceptions, the every-day young lady of even our best novelists—we do not except even Bulwer, or Dickens, or Thackeray—is a mere dressed doll, without character or individuality. In *Lady Lee's Widowhood* it is otherwise. The three ladies whose adventures are related—the three heroines, which all are, in fact, though Lady Lee gives her name to the story—are so thoroughly distinct in person and character, yet so truly ladies, so womanly in every sweet sense of that term, and yet so unlike, that they will live in the reader's memory ever after as persons of his acquaintance—not vaguely recollected as mere unsubstantial types of women in general, as heroines are usually depicted. It has been objected that Captain Hamley has introduced too much of life in the stable. We cannot concur in this censure. He is familiar with it, and he has described it as he has seen and heard it. His story turning upon the doings of some men of the turf and their associates, it would have been simply absurd to have put drawing-room talk into their mouths. He has aimed at truth and nature; and to that his success is due. Let those who prefer the artificial, and denounce whatever is natural as vulgar, shun *Lady Lee*, and yawn over books as vapid and as full of affectation as themselves. We shall look forward with eagerness to Capt. Hamley's next adventure in the realms of fiction.

We regret that we are unable to pronounce a very favourable judgment on *Agnes Valmar*. The story is hackneyed, the incidents are commonplace, nor does the writing compensate for the defects of the plot. It will be gathered, both from the construction and composition of the work, that it is the production of a young and unpractised writer, who would more have consulted his (or her) permanent reputation by burning this first crude work of art, instead of printing it. There are traces of ability throughout. The author has capacities, but wants age and experience; the former to give knowledge of the world and of men, the latter to teach the art of writing—an art which ambitious youth may be assured does not come by an inspiration of genius, but is the product of labour and practice, of cultivation and correction, quite as much as any other art. As no man draws well without long and laborious practice, so neither does a man write well without writing much, and continuing to write for years, before he challenges public criticism. But the author of *Agnes Valmar* is so little a master of fiction that he has taken for his principal actor so "used-up" a personage as an Indian nabob! A tone of exaggeration and affectation—the very reverse of *Lady Lee's Widowhood*—pervades the entire story. The author must study simplicity of matter and manner, and choose a more original theme, before he can hope to take a respectable place among the novelists of the time. He is not wanting in ability; and in time, with patient study, he may again aspire with better prospects of success.

MRS. GORE'S *Money Lender*, one of the best, if not the very best of her novels, has been added to Routledge's "Railway Library." We are glad to see the introduction of works of our known novelists into these cheap libraries, instead of books by inferior writers of no repute.—*The Reminiscences of a Retired Physician* has at least one reminiscence. It is manifestly constructed after Mr. WARREN'S *Diary of a late Physician*. But this volume wants most of the qualities that have made Mr. WARREN'S "Diary" famous. It has not the invention in the stories, nor the power and pathos in the telling of them. We would recommend the enterprising publishers to submit manuscripts to some man of good taste and sound judgment before they accept them. They will then bring

out a better class of fiction than some of those that now appear under their auspices.—*The Broken Sword*, by Miss A. O'KEEFE, is a pretty tale of the allied armies of 1757, founded, as the preface states, in an incident related in Lord Chesterfield's letters. It is written very pleasingly, and its sentiments are wholesome.—A second edition of *Chanticleer; a Thanksgiving Story*, has been sent to us from America. It is a sketch of a phase of American life, very clever and very amusing.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Discovery: a Poem. By EDWARD A. LEATHAM, M.A. London: Walton and Co.

THIS book, small in size, but large in meaning, we had almost passed over in the press of bulkier volumes. One glance at the contents showed a peculiar elegance of style; and a more careful perusal satisfied us that Mr. Leatham combined power with elegance, and vigour with smoothness. We have no hesitation in saying that this poem, *Discovery*, even in an age when sterling poems are frequent, ought to make an author's reputation, or at least ought to be the keystone on which a broad popularity may be based. Taking the range of poems, it is likest, perhaps, *The Pleasures of Hope*; first, because it celebrates the "pleasures" which spring from those glorious discoveries which have improved the condition of man; and, secondly, because it has exquisite melody, while the thoughts are full of lusty health. Metrically considered, it is as perfect as severe taste and strict revision can make a work of art. No rugged juttings or angular points are here to trip the reader; but he glides on through the couplets, as over a polished marble floor, without that sense of tedium and weariness which not unfrequently are the effects of metrical smoothness, when the metre has no other quality to recommend it. The poem contains much metaphorical wealth, and there is ample room for such in treating the discovery of such important facts as the compass, the steam-engine, and the electric telegraph. Take the description of the former of these discoveries: man first, with his imperfect knowledge, fearing the immeasurable ocean, and afterwards employing it as an agent to show his skill, his hardihood, and his enterprise:

Long had mankind beleaguered, but in vain,
The frowning fortress of the wave-walled main,
In trembling bark along the sea-board crept,
And stole their passage while Poseidon slept,
Or, tempted by some planet's favouring face,
Left with fool-hardy haste their hiding place,
And haply perished when their treacherous guide
Hid his false torch beneath the ruthless tide.
Discovery marked in play and dismay
Adventure buffed in her young career,
Unerring wit the trembling needle gave
To trace a pathway through the trackless wave,
And taught her hardy votaries to explore
The watery maze, a labyrinth no more.
Then Commerce learnt in triumph to expand
Her snowy wings upon the bustling strand,
And, like a prisoned bird from durianc free,
Rode every blast and tempted every sea;
Nor roamed alone, for Plenty soared beside,
And shook her golden lap for all mankind
Piled with those orient spoils and gems that shine,
Like stars unrisen, in Golconda's mine,
Or spice that breathes upon the balmy rest
Of fragrant Ind and Araby the Blest.
But brighter gems the bounteous goddess bore
And sweeter frankincense from shore to shore,—
The scents that breathe the Idalian groves among,
And all the priceless jewelry of song.
'Twas by these gifts that Commerce first began
To rouse the learned appetite of Man,
And bade him taste the consecrated tide
That bursts in melody from Pimpha's side.
He, once athirst for that delicious draught,
Insatiate drunk, till all the streamlet quaffed
Left him still parched and longing on the bank;
As erst Scamander fled when Xerxes drank.

The way in which *Discovery*, elate with her triumphs, leads trembling Science through the world, is poetically and finely told.

She, as elate with meed of so great praise,
For mightier deeds a thirst and nobler bays,
Grasped youthful Science by her timorous hand,
And led her trembling over sea and land;
Taught her each nameless form to recognise
That sports with viewless angels through the skies,
Peoples the earth, or with exulting leap
Shoots like a silver meteor through the deep;
And all the flowery race whose murmuring bells
Chime in the Spring or toll the Summer's knells,
When vernal zephyr or autumnal blast
Rocks their frail bellies as it hurries past,
Or who with looks of purity and love
Delight to lift their wishful eyes above,
And at those kindred stars to smile and nod
That bloom for ever on an azure sod.
Then o'er those atoms of mysterious life
They paused, with which the universe is rife,
Whether they clothe and animate the whole
With film invisible of living soul,
Or through the trembling dewdrop proudly dance
As in a sea of infinite expanse,

Or, soaring through the sun's inconstant beam,
Count ages in a momentary gleam.
For, as the elements in order pass
Beneath *Discovery's* wonder-working glass,
All these in multitudinous excess
Burst into beauty out of nothingness.
Then fared they forth the ears of truth to glean,
Roaming with chaste and pensive feet between
Those sheaves of glory, the celestial yield
That whitens all the heavenly harvest-field;
And learnt yon adamant chain to mete,
That binds the planets to Hyperion's seat,
And, stretching through illimitable space,
Curbs with its viewless links the comet's race;
Why night must minister to day, and morn
Can ne'er forget her promise to return;
Why Spring forsakes her melody and flowers
In mute allegiance to the rosy Hours,
And rugged Winter dries his icy tears
The moment that his blooming child appears;

The poet not only deals with the past, but foretells the wonders of future discoveries. The prophetic vision is one of the spiritual attributes of the poet; and the bard who sung a thousand years ago, by the very intuitiveness of his nature, foresaw the undefined triumphs of progressive mind, though he foresaw not, as facts, the great uses to which man should apply the elements. Thus then Mr. Leatham, from what he has observed of progress, and from what he feels to be the unceasing advancements of intellect, is entitled to say—

There, in amazing multitude, behold
The miracles of Science yet untold;
For all that now perplex the enraptured eye
Are but the fables of her infancy,
Imperfect types, and scarce foreshadowing
The triumphs that her riper years shall bring.
Here in Briarean strength some giant stands
And holds uprooted mountains in his hands,
Whose arm omnipotent is slumbering yet
In murmuring breeze or peaceful rivulet;
As slept the giant Steam, ere Science broke
His mighty slail, and the Titan woke.
Nor gaze we with inferior wonder where
O'er sea and land and through the seeming air
Speed strange machines instinct with secret might
And shooting onward with the stride of light:
Or where new stars and suns of Science born
Dispel the midnight gloom, or e'en adorn
The noonday heavens, stars that never leave
Their lustrous thrones at morn, nor suns at eve,
But shining ever with unfaltering ray,
Turn night to noon, and noon to tenfold day.

We take leave of this small volume with a thorough conviction that its perusal cannot but afford pleasure and profit to the lovers of poetry.

Days in Dreamland. By G. A. D. BRUCKS.

MR. BRUCKS is, by internal written evidence, a young man, and we view his work as an earnest of better things. It is a promissory note, which the author by-and-by bids fair to pay in sterling gold. Mr. Brucks, though evincing considerable fancy, has no positive style; his youth, probably, has not reached the time of self-reliance, and it leans for support on the memory of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. His muse is rich, but as yet undisciplined—much as Keats's was when he produced *Endymion*. We earnestly advise Mr. Brucks to rely on his own resources; for the poetic faculty, especially in youth, is apter to seize on the faults than to amplify the beauties of a prototype. This is very evident here, and our readers will easily recognise the model of the following:—

And in wild luxuriance, everywhere,
Nurst by the clear dew and the tender air,
In the caverns and meads, and the woods serene,
Grew odorous grasses, soft and green.
And falling sphere-fires, with wan weird light,
Like spirits, h'd'd swift to the land of night,
Who, falling and fading, yet sometimes bear
The brightness of heaven down the lightest air.
But the sweetest marvel of this sweet place
Was the bower, where dwelt its presiding grace,
The Angel-born near the azure lake
Isled in an odoriferous brake.
In the centre a living fountain play'd;
By its voice the fierce spirit of noon was laid;
The plants loved it well, for hour by hour,
It loosen'd its lymph in a silver shower,
Giving perfume and radiance to leaf and flower.

As Mr. Brucks hopes for a successful issue to his poetic labours, let him avoid such in future. What, Mr. Brucks, is the meaning of this *Athanasios*, who, for "crimes most mystical," sees all around him die while he is doomed to live on? Is it a key to, or a parody on, the "Ancient Mariner?" If it be neither, still it is wondrously like!

A frightful silence! my own heart
Scared dared to break the spell;
A stifling silence! hush and hush'd,
Upon my soul it fell;
The very air seem'd dead;—oh, God!
Does silence reign in hell?
'Twas all the same, "I" only lived;
There was no wind, no tide;
The ships lay motionless on the brine,
The crews on deck had died,
And as they lay, mass'd into clay,
Their bodies I espied,

The sails were still suspent on high
Upon the yards and mast;
The cordage and the sails were aere,
And both were rotting fast.
Death was around me everywhere,
I was of men the last.

The monsters of the secret deep
Were weltering about;
Amid them, like their dreary ghosts,
Death-fires flashed in and out.

And the dead men with their ghastly eyes
Gazed on me—by the cross
I saw them look, I heard them shriek,
"Live, live, Athanasios!"

Need we here quote from "that ancient man, the bright-eyed mariner," in order to prove which is actually the Dromio of Ephesus, or the Dromio of Syracuse? It will be wise in Mr. Bruck for the future to avoid such nice resemblances.

Zohrab, and other Poems. By W. T. THORNTON. London: Longman.

WE admire the honesty and good sense of Mr. Thornton. He believes, and boldly asserts, that his verses are not inferior to many productions which have been received with considerable favour. We offer our testimony on the same side, being assured, from perusal, that the verses are meritorious. *Zohrab*, charged with the inflammable elements and energies of warfare, is insignificant compared with our best chivalric poems, such, for example, as *Marmion*; but it possesses some vigour and action. It is neither so harmonious nor so abrupt as many poems we could name of the same chivalric character, and in which harmony and abruptness are purposely employed for artistic effect. What Mr. Thornton chiefly lacks is care in the finish of his materials. He does not sufficiently appreciate the music of words, or the cadences of tone. Therefore, occasionally, his sentences read harshly, when the slightest attention might have corrected the harshness. Here is an instance from one of his sonnets.

Doubt not, life's ceaseless evils represent
Controlling influence; which, of set design
Tasks our endurance, haply with intent
To crush—haply, by chastening, to refine.

Here in two lines the word "haply" has two different accents. Such cases—and they are not trifles, for nothing is trifling which contributes to perfection—are worthy Mr. Thornton's notice, the more so since this, his first appearance in a "poetical costume," is more becoming than the majority of modern instances.

Horæ Monasticæ: Poems, Songs, and Ballads. By WILLIAM JONES. London: Masters; and D. Bogue.

MANY of these poems will be familiar to the public, as they have already appeared in periodicals. In construction they are just what might have been expected, as the result of a musical ear and a refined taste. They are not the outpourings of genius, but the regular exercises of a mind that has learnt to appreciate beauty, and knows how to direct the power of art. Mr. Jones speaks in verse, not because he has grand truths or large thoughts to utter, but because it is an agreeable mode of addressing the public. This is not a book to turn aside, even for a moment, the eager world from its gold-digging or its stock-jobbing, and induce it to read, and reading to admire. But whoever opens this elegant volume—elegant in the binding and the engravings—will at once perceive that the author has no metrical irregularities, no glaring sins of commission against rules. While, therefore, this book will scarcely arouse any degree of wonder or excitement, it will gain that share of approbation which is justly due to the exercise of poetic talent. As a song-writer, Mr. Jones holds a respectable position. "The Monks of Old," wedded to spirited music, has been and still is a well-known song; and this, excellent of its kind, is only a fair sample of the author's lyrical vigour.

THE new volume of the *Library Edition of the British Poets*, published by Mr. Nichol, and edited by Mr. GILFILLAN—and which is beyond measure, in size, typography and cheapness, the best of any of the competitors for public favour—contains the poetical works of Goldsmith, Collins, and Warton, with lives, critical dissertations, and explanatory notes, by the editor, whose name is a pledge that these will be well done. Not a library in the United Kingdom should be without this superb edition of our poets; and it is so very cheap that every book-shelf can afford to possess it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Protoplast: a Series of Papers. 2 vols. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

In pity to such of our readers as are not acquainted with Greek, we shall explain at once, in

the author's own words, what he means by the title given to his work: "In common," he says, "with many others, my mind has often reverted to the *Protoplast*, the first form, or typical mould of the things with which our thoughts are now familiarised; and it is this which I propose to study in the succeeding pages. I shall ask my readers to consider with me the earliest records given in Scripture of 'the things that are,' and to trace their origin as there described. My hope is that we may thus be led to see a little, a very little, of the glory of the Alpha, as it stands among the hieroglyphs of God." The author is strongly of opinion that, even in matters of mere scientific inquiry, the Scriptures are our safest guide, and that what we find therein contained "must be the foundation of all our superstructure of earthly knowledge. The Scripture," he goes on to observe, "is not a compendium of science; but he who looks for scientific truth, without the ever-burning lamp of Revelation in his hand, will labour in vain, and wander in darkness." On this we must observe that, with every wish to harmonise the relations between religion and science, we see a danger in pressing the authority of the Scriptures, as some delight in doing, on any and every occasion that involves scientific investigation. In the hands of inexperienced writers the danger is, of course, always greater; and thus it is that the zealot often inflicts as serious an injury upon the cause of religion as the avowed infidel. The writer of these pages is not a zealot, happily; neither is he without a fair acquaintance with the results of modern scientific research. Still we think that he has sometimes gone beyond his depth, and ventured upon subjects to which neither his genius nor attainments are at all equal. The idea of this work, however, is, at all events, original, notwithstanding any errors or shortcomings in its execution. It is interesting to contemplate the first appearance of everything. There was a time when printing was not, when steam-boats were not, when railways and electric telegraphs were not; and we are fond of tracing these discoveries to their source, and seek to become acquainted with all the circumstances connected with them. But there was a time, also, according to Holy Writ, when *man* himself, the inventor, was not; and when that *matter*, out of which he has wrought so many wonderful and glorious works, did not exist; there was a time when the world was without sin, and without a curse, and without death; and the writer accordingly invites us to meditate upon the strange and mysterious first appearance of these and many other things. The following is a list of the subjects chosen by him for illustration:—"The first matter; the first day; the first vegetable; the first animal; the first man; the first blessing; the first Sabbath; the first law; the first sleep; the first woman; the first temptation; the first sin; the first curse; the first garments; the first angelic manifestation; the first child; the first recorded sacrifice; the first death; the first translation; the first resurrection; the first baptism; the first administration of the Lord's Supper." A goodly list, truly, of first things; and one which may well have occupied even more than the five years mentioned as the period during which these papers were written. Many difficulties must have sprung up before the writer in the execution of this arduous task; but he has, upon the whole, achieved it in a way quite worthy of an intellectual Christian man. For style and composition the work is uniformly respectable; and there are many striking passages and felicitous illustrations scattered throughout, which betoken a mind of more than ordinary cultivation. It is a fault, we think, that these papers partake too much of the character of sermons. In some of the papers we have the subject parcelled out into heads, and divisions, and even subdivisions. We have the "few last words" of the pulpit, the exhortation to the sinner, the word of comfort to the believer, and the pious ejaculatory prayer. This twang of the preacher, in anything not expressly intended as a sermon, is to us exceedingly unpleasant. We must now, however, proceed to give one or two brief extracts, which may be regarded as fair average specimens of the author's powers.

The following is from his paper on the First Man:—

We can have no conception of the beauty and strength of that earth-formed body, which man possessed in innocence. Even now that it is defiled and put out of order by sin, its structure is so strange, so mysterious, and yet so gloriously beautiful, that

those who possess even a cursory and popular knowledge of it are lost in admiration. The infidel physiologist is compelled to speak of it as a piece of curious and consummate workmanship; and the Christian, musing over it, breaks forth in the exclamation of David—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Adam's body knew no fatigue, no disease, no weakness, no suffering; immortal, except by sin, its functions were not subject to derangement, nor its tissues to decay; it was the fit and suitable organ of the high and godlike spirit-essence which was linked therewith. All its actions were perfect: the sight did not deceive as now it does; the brain did not, as at present, give false impressions to the mind. In all things it ministered rightly to the governing principle—the living soul. Such was the body of the first man.

Of Adam's mental perfection, he writes:

To him *sight was knowledge*. He could read at a glance that book of creation, the very alphabet of which we have not yet spelt. Very glorious was this intellectual perfection of the human soul. It was this which enabled the first man to enjoy the kingdom over which he ruled. He governed by intuitive knowledge; no painful research, no hours of weary study, preceded his attainment of truth; an unerring judgment guided him. It was thus that, walking amidst the pristine glories of the new-born earth, he understood, not—oh! not as we do, with the help of our systematic arrangement of classes and orders; but with a pure unfettered simplicity of thought,—the natural history of every flower in his pathway. It was thus that he gave expressive and appropriate names to all the various creatures of the earth, air, and sea, which were brought to him by God, though he had not watched them and studied their natures or habits. It was thus that he was enabled to hold converse with his Creator; receiving from the eternal Source of all wisdom, instruction concerning things still unseen; such as, perhaps, yet higher worlds and their angel inhabitants.

In his paper on "The First Garments," the author makes a sad mistake about the authorship of *Sartor Resartus*; little dreaming that it is an original work of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. The passage is as follows, in which he even mis-spells the name of the immortal Diogenes Teufelsdröckh:—"Herr Teufelsdröckh's work on 'Clothes' is a curious specimen of this kind of literature. Those who have read his book in German, or its English translation, will feel how much ingenuity and research have been brought to bear upon a subject of little promise!"

We cannot conclude without advising the author, when he next quotes the famous maxim of *γνῶσις εὐδαιμονία*, not to attribute it to Socrates; as it was known long before his time, being a wise saw of one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece,—most likely Thales, if the authority of Diogenes Laertius can be at all regarded in such a matter.

The Coinage of the British Empire. By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS. London: Nathaniel Cooke.

The Decimal Coinage. By A. M. MILWARD, Esq. London: Bell.

Asli's Decimal Coinage. London 1854.

AN ornamental little work entitled *The Coins of England* was published by Mr. Humphreys four or five years ago, of which a principal feature was the application of chromo-lithography to the representation of coins, each piece having its own proper metallic hue and lustre. Six editions have proved how acceptable this idea was to the popular taste; and now Mr. Humphreys has enlarged his scheme, and presents us with an extended series of British coins of all dates, and a considerable selection of Scotch, Irish, and Colonial pieces, and other numismatic curiosities. Probably in most families there exists a bag of old copper and silver pieces, handed down as a sort of heir-loom, and supposed to contain treasures of unknown value. We ourselves have seen many such a hoard, comprising sometimes a really curious coin or two, but more generally, it must be owned, of that class which, according to Cowper,

Though neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so preserved with care.

The possessors of such stores may, from the work of Mr. Humphreys, gain some insight into the nature of their treasures. It affords an excellent prospectus of the general features, history, and vicissitudes of British coinage from the earliest times to the present. The Roman-British series is too numerous to be exhibited at any great length, but a very fair sample is given of the Anglo-Saxon money, and of the later coinage the series approaches to completeness. The letter-press comprises abundance of entertaining matter relating to monetary affairs. Some cir-

cumstances connected with the coinage are not very creditable to the wisdom, and still less to the honesty, of our ancestors. Our early monarchs not unfrequently became, it appears, utterers of base coin upon a large scale, endeavouring to palm a whole mintage upon their loyal subjects at much more than its real value, and enforcing their roguery by the penalty of death to such as resisted or exposed it. The fate of these attempts is a lesson to those in the present day who are inoculated with the notion of the possibility of a cheap or merely representative circulating medium. The mischief arising from a depreciated currency proved so great that it was found in the end necessary to adopt a course of strict honesty, and to circulate coins having an intrinsic as well as a nominal value.

The popular legend as to the extraordinary value of farthings of Queen Anne is well known. The fact is, that no copper money was issued during her reign, but farthings were struck as patterns, without any issue ensuing. These pieces are, notwithstanding, not excessively rare; one particular pattern, that with sunk letters, being, Mr. Humphreys informs us, the most scarce.

In our own times the art of coinage has been brought to high perfection, principally owing to the wonderful powers of steam and machinery. In the beginning of the present century, owing to the long-continued war and other causes, the money of the realm had become very debased. In 1817 an issue of new half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences took place; and many now alive will recollect the striking contrast which these presented to the old, flat, bent, and battered bits of silver, so far below their nominal value, that had previously passed current. The old shillings, says Mr. Humphreys, were about one-quarter, and the sixpences one-third less than their proper value.

A curious fact is related concerning the pennies of William IV., which have now become very scarce. The copper of which these coins were made was discovered to contain a portion of gold, so that each penny was intrinsically worth three-halfpence. In accordance with those laws of human action which seem as universal and immutable as those of chemical agency, the whole issue shortly found its way to the melting-pot!

The issue of a florin, or two-shilling piece, the exact tenth of a pound, is an important fact in the recent operations of the mint, as being the first step to the much-discussed decimal coinage. The first batch of this coin was, it will be remembered, subjected to an unforeseen storm of unpopularity, owing to the omission of the customary words *Dei gratia* on the legend, imagined to be a premeditated insult to the established religion of the realm. This issue, we believe, was called in; at any rate, the coins wanting these words have now become scarce, and are seldom met with in circulation. We have known them refused by respectable shopkeepers, owing to some suspicion, it may be supposed, of their authenticity. They have been superseded by a coin somewhat different in size and shape, and duly stamped with the important letters D. G.

Mr. Humphreys concludes his work with a few remarks upon the decimal system, advocating the adoption of a new coin of tenpence as a standard of value, thereby bringing our coinage into close proximity with the French. We can by no means appreciate the advantage of this system, which would, among other things, have a tendency to divert some part of our currency into the neighbour country; a most inconvenient result. In many other respects, too, it would be less commodious than the plan proposed by the commission who have reported on the subject, for which the basis has already been laid by the adoption of the florin piece, the exact tenth of our present pound. The plan suggested, as is now pretty generally known, is to retain the sovereign or pound as the principal standard of value, introducing for the purposes of accounts and calculation coins of one-tenth, one-hundredth, and one-thousandth of a pound. Our present coins of account, and those by which, for legal purposes, a debt must be described and claimed, are the pound, the shilling, the penny, and the farthing. Nothing can, *prima facie*, be more awkward than this division, involving the fractions of a twentieth, a twelfth, and a fourth; and did not experience teach us that the difficulties of such calculation can be practically overcome by very young and otherwise illiterate persons, it would be difficult to conceive how such a complication could be made intelligible for practical

and every-day use to unmathematical minds. Most persons will, however, recollect the horrors of their early essays in arithmetic, and how these were enhanced by the rules for the treatment of pounds, shillings, and pence,—going far to justify the schoolboy association of *Practice* with insanity.

The object of Mr. Milward's pamphlet, published in the shape of a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to advocate the issue of a five-farthing piece as a preliminary to the adoption of a complete decimal coinage, upon the system pointed out by the commissioners. The object of this would be to accustom the common people to reckon in farthings, rather than in pence as at present, previous to the step of making a thousand farthings go to the pound. We think, however, that he over-estimates very much the difficulty and confusion which would arise from such an innovation. It is found practically that the common people, whose ideas run chiefly on pence and farthings in the ordinary transactions of buying and selling, are extremely ready reckoners; and were it once understood that for every silver sixpence twenty-five farthings were by law to be given and taken in exchange, instead of twenty-four, and for every shilling, fifty instead of forty-eight, we believe that in three days no difficulty would be experienced. And such an enactment would alone be sufficient at once to enable all who keep accounts to do so in decimals, even without the issue of any ten-farthing pieces, an improvement which might be adopted hereafter as might appear convenient. For the mere purpose of keeping accounts, it is by no means necessary to have a coin corresponding to every digit of the number expressing the amount, provided there be coins in existence by which the amount can be accurately represented. An inconvenience that might arise from the introduction of a five-farthing piece, and in our opinion a very material one, is pointed out by Mr. Milward himself, namely, that such a piece might take the place of the penny or four-farthing piece in many of the customary charges with which the poor are concerned, in which case they would pay a farthing more for the same thing. The penny loaf might become by an easy transition the five-farthing loaf, and fourpenny ale, twenty-farthing ale. Such a coin would be a powerful engine to place in the hands of the petty shopkeepers, for the mulcting of their poorer customers, who already, notwithstanding the acuteness of calculation which prevails among the copper using classes, pay in many cases double the real value of some of the necessities of life, which they are only able to purchase in small quantities.

The only essentials of an Act of Parliament to introduce a decimal system of accounts would be, an enactment that from a certain day the pound sterling should be reckoned to contain

1000 farthings, the florin 100, the shilling 50, and the sixpence 25, and that a debt might be legally described and claimed in pounds and decimals of a pound. The effect of this would be, to depreciate the whole copper coinage, and the silver threepences and fourpenny pieces, by four per cent.; but this depreciation would be so widely spread, and the amount of copper in each individual's possession on the day of the change taking place would be so trifling, that no loss worth speaking of would accrue to any. Existing contracts and debts would remain perfectly unaffected by the alteration, except as to any pence they might include, and the diminution would be immaterial. Mr. Milward, who has given much attention to the system of coinage prevailing in different countries, gives several singular facts in connection with this subject. For instance, Rome, the unchangeable, possesses in theory and in use the most complete decimal coinage in Europe; while in the neighbouring state of Tuscany the confusion of the coinage is such, that it is not always possible to discharge a bill exactly, and an approximation is made by passing little bits of money backwards and forwards, until it is not worth while to attempt greater accuracy. In the island of Madeira the people have, by the adoption of small silver from Spain, copper from Portugal, and large silver and gold from the United States, practically acquired for themselves a decimal currency.

It is to be hoped that the important measure which is to bring about this desirable change among ourselves will not be long delayed. A few sufferers there will certainly be, among whom the chief is the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, who will lose four per cent. upon the post-office stamps now supplied to the public—a loss amounting to no less than 100,000*l.* per annum.

The recent flourishing state of the public finances will, however, it is to be hoped, render him less sensitive to this defalcation. Another class, whose case is perhaps more serious, is that of persons taking penny tolls, or other small fixed payments—the proprietors of Waterloo-bridge, for example. By the depreciation of the copper coinage, a loss of four per cent. will, of course, accrue on the gross receipts; and for cases of this kind, especially when the tolls are regulated by Act of Parliament and cannot be altered at will, some special provision by way of compensation will probably be made.

A decimal system of coinage will naturally be followed by the application of the same method of calculation to weights and measures; and the next generation will be freed from those perplexing tables which now form the vestibule to arithmetic, to the sore grievance and discouragement of the youth of the present.

ASLIP'S *Decimal Coinage, with a Proposal for Decimalising Weights and Measures of Length and*

Capacity, contains a number of miscellaneous illustrations of the inconvenience of the present system of measures, and some useful hints for the adoption of new standards. A mode is suggested of ascertaining the loss which would accrue to receivers of small tolls from a depreciation of the copper coinage, by providing that, for a certain portion of the year, the toll should be paid at a higher rate than during the remaining portion; and thus the total receipts at the end of the year might, the traffic continuing the same, remain at the same level as before. We foresee serious difficulties in carrying out such a plan as this, though the suggestion is ingenious enough, were it practicable.

Two Lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes. By the Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M. A. Second Edition. London: Hamilton and Co.

An Essay on the Characteristic Errors of our most distinguished Living Poets. By N. J. GANNON. London: Simpkin and Co.

SINCE the delivery of the two first-named lectures so recently as 1852, the author has passed from the stage of life, leaving as memorials many virtues and these printed pages. A word so comprehensive in its meaning as poetry, a definition of which the author professes to give, may easily tempt us into a lengthy dissertation; but could any dissertation be satisfactory and strictly explanatory when poetry is rather a state of feeling than a combination of facts? Our social progression has been in nothing more evident than this, that we have a greater, grander, and truer appreciation of poetry than Pope had—he believing it to be no universal concern, "but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there." With this belief it is no wonder that Pope—the splendid versifier—the brilliant metrical expounder of ethics—the literary pet of Byron, though Byron somehow became popular because he was so *unlike* Pope—never reached the loftiest peak of poetry. We have classed together the pamphlets which head this article, because their subjects, not their conclusions, are similar. On one point, however, the writers cordially agree; each regretting, and battling with, the modern mysticism of poetry. Their individual opinion of what is mystic and who is mystical is signally, even amusingly, distinct. In reply to a critique which appeared in the *Times*, the Rev. Mr. Robertson defends the symbolism and meaning of *In Memoriam*; whereas this very poem is selected by Mr. Gannon in order to exhibit Tennyson's unintelligibility. We shall not here attempt to settle the question, but merely draw the attention of our readers to the two pamphlets, which exhibit shrewd research, some clever writing, and undoubted evidences of thought.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

Who has not heard of the martyrdom of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins? Her story has been wandering to and fro for nearly a thousand years, and has been growing as it wandered. To reduce the story to its proper dimensions, or rather, to trace its mythical origin, Oskar Schade has written *Die Sage von der heiligen Ursula*, &c. ("The Saga of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins"), an able and learned performance. He traces the legends of the sainted lady back to the middle of the ninth century. Her bones are said to be preserved at Cologne; but she is claimed elsewhere than in the city of the Three Kings. The legends give her to Norway, to Heligoland, and also to Crete. The author seeks to identify her with a Gertrude and Mary who appear in Belgian legends, and regards her as a species of goddess of fertility, as a *Hertha*, who in the oldest legends is always borne in a ship, which is represented by a cloud. Her attendant virgins are Naiads. The author further inquires into the signification of her name, which he appears to derive from a Sanskrit root, *ushas*—day-break. Hence as *Bertha* and the "White Lady" she appears with light and radiance. An immense amount of research and learning appears to have been devoted to this small but interesting work.

Another saga or legend reaches us from Nor-

way—*Fortælling om Kong Thidrik af Bern og hans Kæmper* ("The Story of King Dieterich of Bern and his Heroes," &c.) Edited by C. R. Unger. This is the richest of all the romantic sagas. Peringskiöld published it under the title of *Vilkinasaga*, a new edition of which, we are given to understand, will shortly appear in Copenhagen. If English readers are not getting too fastidious, these old-world tales, in a translated form, and intelligently edited, would be found very entertaining. The feats of Dieterich of Bern vie with those of Charlemagne and his Paladins, of Arthur and his knights, of Roland and his men. Dieterich's grandfather was named Samson, and, like Samson of old, performed prodigies of strength and valour. He left his kingdom to his son Ditmar, who married the princess Odilia, by whom he had Dieterich. Of young Dieterich we read (in Müller's abridgment of the Saga) that

He had dark eye-brows and yellow locks, was small at the waist, and two bells broad between the shoulders, tall as a giant, and stronger than any one would trow; was lively and generous, and in mind and skin like his grandfather Samson. When Dieterich was seven years old, came Hildebrand, who was fifteen years old, a son of Duke Reigenbald of Venice, to Ditmar's castle, and brought up Dieterich until he was fifteen years of age, when he received the honours of knighthood. Both loved one another like David and Jonathan. Dieterich overcame the dwarf Alfiris,

the handiest of all dwarves, and compelled him to forge the sword Nagelring. With this sword he went out to fight, accompanied by Hildebrand, and slew Grim, the Berserk, and his wife Hilda, in their subterranean abode, where they found much gold, and the costly helmet which he called Hildegrim. With these weapons he conquered Studas, who, for his great courage, was called by the Varings Heimer, or the Serpent, who had come from the country of the famous Brynhilda, to measure himself against him. He spared his life, and they became trusty friends.

Such was Dieterich's beginning. There was no end to the exploits he performed, to the battles he fought, to the monsters he slew; but, nevertheless, Dieterich had to (go the way of all flesh, we were about to say, but we trust that few in the flesh will follow him) quit the stage.

Dieterich was now such a famous warrior that few dared to stand against him. He was particularly fond of hunting large beasts that others did not care to meddle with; often rode out with his servants; and performed many deeds which cannot be written down, for that we have not heard of them. He began to grow weak with age, but was still bold with his weapons. One day, when he was bathing at the spot which is now called Dieterich's bath, one of his servants called out: "There runs a black horse, whose like for size and beauty I have never seen!" The King, hearing this, sprang up and threw his bathing-towel around him, and, as soon as he caught sight of the animal, called for his horse and hounds. The servants ran as fast as they could, but they were too

slow for Dieterich, and when he saw a high black horse saddled standing close by him, he leaped upon his back. The hounds were slipped, but after the horse they would not follow, which ran faster than the fowl flies. The King's best groom followed upon the stallion Blanco, after which ran all the hounds. Dieterich soon perceived that it was no horse which he rode, and would have cast himself off, but found he could not move. The groom called out to him: "My Lord, will you come back, or why do you ride so fast?" Dieterich answered: "I ride fire; it must be the devil I ride upon. I will come back when it pleases God and the Holy Virgin!" Thereupon the horses parted, so that the groom lost sight of Dieterich, and since then no one has asked after him, and no one knows what has become of him.

If Northern and German scholars devote no small share of attention to legendary lore and fabulous history, they certainly do not neglect true history. We observe a whole host of periodicals specially set apart to illustrate national history and the literature of national history. We are rather backward here in this respect. We observe first a journal called *Archiv für Kunde österreichischer Geschichtsquellen* ("Archive for knowledge of the Sources of Austrian history") published by the committee of the Academy of Sciences, charged to attend to national history. An interesting paper in the last volume (Band 2, Jahrg. 11), is by C. Höller, on the German municipalities in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. *Archives des Vereines für siebenbürgische Landeskunde* ("Archives of the Association for acquiring a Knowledge of Transylvania") is a work of a more local character than the preceding, but not devoid of interest. The historical class of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences publishes its *Abhandlungen* ("Transactions.") In the last part (Bd. vii. Abth. 1) there is an article by Dr. Fallmerayer, on the Dead Sea, and a paper by Dr. Thomas, with an original Greek document relating to the Church of Anatolia, written by the Greek patriarch, Maximus of Constantinople, to the Doge of Venice, Giovanni Mocenigo, in 1480. Switzerland has also its historical periodicals. *Geschichtsblätter aus der Schweiz* ("Historical Leaves from Switzerland"), edited by J. E. Kopp. Another Swiss historical journal is entitled *Urkundio*. Both these journals are of recent origin, and appear to be well conducted. Dr. Scherer commenced to publish in 1852, in three volumes, a "General History of the Commerce of the World," *Allgemeine Geschichte des Welthandels*. We are happy to observe the appearance of the second volume, which embraces a difficult and important era. Pombal, Colbert, and Peter the Great are among the great names here treated. Finally, among German works of historical interest, we would include Stenzel's *Geschichte Schlesiens* ("History of Silesia"). Stenzel is professor of history in Breslau, and an able writer. The first volume (all that is yet published) brings the history from the earliest times down to 1355. Two volumes more will complete the work.

The press of Germany still continues to pour forth a variety of works on military science. We have mentioned so many of these recently, that, for the present, we must limit ourselves to observing only one, by W. Siegmann, *Die Elementartaktik der Reiterei* ("The Elementary Tactic of Cavalry"), which has been well spoken of by those better qualified than we are to speak of its merits. It is not often that we have much to say respecting Spain; but here are two works which promise to tell us something of the present and past of that unfortunate and ill-governed country. The first is by Professor Stolz, of Freiburg, *Spanisches für die gebildete Welt*, ("Spanish for the Educated.") The Professor travelled through Switzerland, Provence, and Languedoc, into Spain. He made a stay at Barcelona, then went to Valencia and Madrid, from the latter city to Burgos, and through the Basque provinces. The small portion of Spain he had the fortune to travel through he appears to have studied closely, especially the people. The second work is entitled *Die Moriscos in Spanien*, by A. L. von Rochau, ("The Moors in Spain,") and contains:—1. The territorial relations of the Christian and Mohammedan Spaniards, from the beginning of the eighth to the end of the fifteenth century. 2. The legal and the actual situation of the Arabs under Spanish rule. 3. The amount of the Arabian population in the different quarters of Spain at the close of the fifteenth century. 4. The Moors from the conquest of Granada until their forced conversion. 5. The Moors from their conversion to their expulsion.

The poets have been busy of late, but appear to have small honour at the hands of their critical countrymen. We observe, with an introduction from the pen of H. Düntzer, the correspondence between Goethe and Councillor Schultz, which will prove interesting to the admirers of the great man. There has farther been published *Aus einer alten Kiste* ("Out of an old Chest") Professor Klencke, the editor, in his preface, tells us how he came into possession of this old chest, containing manuscripts belonging to the late Baron von Knigge. Among the papers are a billet from Schiller, in 1784, a letter from Bürger, one from Goethe's mother to Knigge's wife, three letters from Lavater, one from Klopstock, then letters from Knigge's near friends—from Cramer, Nicolai, Blumauer, Reimarus, Schröder, and others. Some of these letters are extremely curious.

Turning from German to French poets, we find a pleasant little volume of verse and prose by (a learned professor again) Henri-Fréd. Amiel—*Grains de Mil: Poesies et Pensées* ("Millet-grains: Poesy and Thoughts.") Some of the verse is truly delicious, and we have to regret our inability to translate a few specimens in equally smooth and graceful numbers, for the delectation of such of our readers as may be ignorant of the tongue in which the author writes. The "thoughts" are made up of judgments, maxims, and reflections. Here are a few specimens:—

In books I find nothing new scarcely; but I remind, and that is charming.

Superficial people are very happy: cork never drowns.

The prettiest and the most insidious question you can put to a stranger, whom you desire to know, is this: What do you admire?

The sleep of the memory is not its death; forgotten studies are certain aptitudes gone to sleep.

With the utmost care one can make but a very few friends, whilst a host of enemies may be made without taking any care at all.

Enter everywhere and do not shut yourself up anywhere.

Mediocrity generally reigns; it is its due. Superiority knows itself and suffices itself; this is its recompense.

Man is not what he may become: a profound truth. Man does not become what he may be: a truth still more profound.

What we cannot kill we should not wound.

A childhood's friend, is a thing always fresh and poetical, a friendship always a little impassioned, a protection always a little tender, an attachment which unites the chaste interest of brotherhood to the piquant and idyllic grace of a little love affair, which fuses the charm of the *souvenir* with the attraction of the novelty, which permits the pressure of the hand when one would kiss the cheek, and which keeps the heart on the indecisive limit and charming virginity (*virginalement charmante*) of an affection half-inclosed and half-contained, the rose-bud and the outline of future love.

L'Espiazione ("Expiation"), by T. Z. S., and *Il Proscritto* ("The Proscribed"), by Ant. Caccianiga, are two Italian tales taken from contemporaneous events—the first told indifferently well, and interlarded with theological disquisitions on the immortality of the soul, and the existence and power of the Deity; the second, more interesting in its subject, far better constructed, and avoiding a tempting theme—politics.

Heraldry, whatever its uses in former days, can now be regarded as the science of vanity merely. Yet its history is not uninteresting, and the vagaries of the herald are not a little amusing. Thus Favyn, in his *Theatre of Honour*, gives the coats of arms of Cain and Abel, and Segouin attributes the invention of blazonry to Noah. Those who desire to know something of this history, will find a fund of matter in Adalbert de Beaumont's *Recherches sur l'Origine du Blazon*, &c. ("Researches on the Origin of Blazonry, &c.") particularly on the *Fleur-de-Lis*. The *fleur-de-lis* he derives from "an ornament incessantly reproduced in the paintings and architecture" of Egypt. This flower he supposes to be the symbol of the Goddess of Noon, of heat and fecundity. This ornament, too, he found among the Arabs, the Persians, the Assyrians, and the Ninevites—in the ancient as well as the modern East. It may be so; and if it is so, it is of little consequence. There are about a dozen other theories on the subject of the origin of the *fleur-de-lis*.

GERMANY.

Gedichte von Alfred Tennyson. ("Tennyson's Poems," translated by W. HEITZBERG.) Dessau.

Rose und Distel. ("The Rose and Thistle, English and Scottish Poetry," translated by GIBBERT FREIHERRN VINCKE.) Dessau.

Atlantis. ("A Journal for English and American Life and Literature," edited by DR. KARL ELZE.) First year. Dessau. 1853.

THESE are books which have their merits; but, unfortunately, we cannot represent those merits to the general reader. We have compared several of Mr. Hertzberg's translations of Tennyson with the originals, and can vouch for the singular fidelity with which they are rendered. We have read some of the same poems as translated by Freiligrath. Both translators have their special merits; and it would be presumption in us to declare judiciously which has the pre-eminence. Perhaps Freiligrath is the more paraphrastic of the two. Some of Baron Vincke's translations are excellent, especially his ballads. A tyro in the German language would recognise "Edward" at once.

Was triefst so dein Schwert von Blut, Edward?
Why is thy sword so red with blood, Edward?

Atlantis is really carefully edited and "well got up;" and contains notices of the principal English and American books that have appeared during the year, with translations and poetical extracts. The writers appear to be well acquainted with the English language and literature. We wish this periodical every success, as it must tend to put continental Germany in possession of the best and most recent English literature of the two hemispheres.

AMERICA.

(FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, February, 1854.

THE opening of the Astor Library, on the 1st instant, marks a new era in the history of New York, which has hitherto had no great public library for reference. The late John Jacob Astor was probably the richest man in the world, considering his wants and the calls upon his purse. He left at his death 400,000 dollars to found a public library, and intrusted the work to Dr. Jos. G. Cogswell, a well-known bibliographer of New York. The manner in which the Doctor executed his commission is probably even better known in Europe than here, where we, as a people, have only lately given an eye to books, and only half-a-one as yet to their contents. He made and caused to be printed a catalogue of books wanted, which he freely distributed among sellers; he visited Europe himself two or three times to make purchases, being familiar with every place of bibliographical deposit; he nosed into every place where he thought his search likely to be rewarded; and thus he is able, in four years from the laying of the corner-stone of the building for the library, to show "nearly 80,000 volumes," "classified, catalogued, and systematically arranged upon the shelves.

The books are classified on Brunet's system. The Theological department numbers 3752 volumes; there are over 3000 volumes treating of Jurisprudence; 1750 of Medicine; and 4250 of the Natural Sciences, embracing many of the most costly works, such as Audubon's *American Birds*, the *Palmarum Genera et Species* of Martius, &c. The same division (Sciences and Arts) includes, or rather is to include, a *Bibliothèque Industrielle*, for the benefit of those engaged in practical industry, which, set aside in a room devoted to itself, cannot but be of great use in a city like New York. The collection relating to the Mathematical Sciences Dr. Cogswell pronounces to be "first-rate," and that relating to the Fine Arts to be very good. The number of works relating to Languages would do credit to an older institution. The Historical collection constitutes a fourth part of the library, including the works on Chronology, Numismatics, Inscriptions, Heraldry, &c. The department devoted to American History, although large, is not what it should be, nor probably what it will be. The increased taste in this country for historical collections and pursuits has, within a few years, raised the price of such works very essentially in London and Europe. Many American gentlemen keep constant orders in London for books at any price; and when the works have turned up, they have been not unfrequently brought here, even in the face of the Museum, as an adverse bidder. It is, of course, impossible for a library like the Astor, with general purposes in view, and with but limited means to carry them out, to compete with such buyers.

Of the fund left by Mr. Astor, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars have been or are to be immediately expended in books; an elegant and commodious building has been erected for their reception; and about 40,000l. remains for investment (the current rate here is seven per cent.) to support it. This is not enough to ever make it one of the valuable libraries of the world; and it is to be hoped that the son of its founder, who inherits his more than princely fortune, will some day do still more for it. The hall in which the books are placed is well proportioned, high, and lighted from above by a glass roof. I

should fear great heat in our oppressive summers. The alcove has a hanging gallery, something like the galleries at the Lincoln's-inn Library, and a second great gallery runs quite round the room. The entrance, by a marble staircase (with sham marble sides) lands the visitor directly in the centre of the room—an objectionable feature in the architecture. The reading tables run around the bronze railing which guards the aperture to the staircase, and also in front of the alcoves; and hitherto have been occupied by much the same class of persons described by Carlyle in his evidence about the Museum reading-room—dictionary-makers, sham magazine-writers, boys and girls reading novels, and people of weak minds, sent there to get them out of the way. Fortunately, the latter custom has not become universal. Such an institution must, in the end, exercise a very beneficial influence on a city like this. We have grown so fast, that the old social structure was found quite unequal to sustaining the weight of the mass of people claiming a place on it by right of palaces, French furniture, and a visit to Europe; and we have accordingly split into disintegrated fractions, having little in common beyond rivalry in display. We build squares of sandstone and streets of marble that would astonish a cockney, churches, theatres, and operas equalling anything in Europe; dress our wives and daughters in the choicest fabrics of Lyons and Mechlin; roll up fortunes for our sons; drink madeira at four pounds the bottle;—but hitherto, I must confess, we have done little, as a whole, in the way of book-collecting, and have had no great central rendezvous for scholars. We hope that the new library will re-integrate us, by infusing a more catholic spirit among the men of letters themselves, and a greater love for books among the people at large. Fortunately, books have become the fashion; and, thanks to the exertions and the catalogue of Mr. Stevens in London, and to the labours of the Appletons, Putnam, Norton, Ticknor, and others on this side of the Atlantic, rows of choice editions, well bound, adorn the shelves of most of our modern palaces, and refine the taste of the occupants. Blessed is he that hath books—though but for the gilded backs that adorn the walls. Though the seed shall fall on the stoniest ground, and the flint shall deny a foothold to the expanding fibre, and the sand yield it no nourishment, yet shall it fructify. And blessed also he who invented that combination of leather and gold called extra binding, making even old favourites more beautiful; as delicacy, wit, amiability, tenderness of heart, and all that attract us in women, are made doubly dear to us when set in a form of outward beauty. The love of English books and bindings is greatly on the increase, and is creating a feeling which bids fair to do away with the restrictive duty that alone prevents the English copyright editions from competing with American reprints. I am inclined to think, from all I can learn, that the plan proposed early in the present session of Congress (to admit duty free books published thirty years ago) will be set aside in favour of a plan admitting all publications on that footing. It is, however, impossible in the present stage of the question to judge with any accuracy.

We are ourselves publishing very handsome editions of the English classics—so handsome, indeed, that some of them, I am told, are sold in the London market. The most noticeable of these is Appleton's *Spectator*, in six volumes octavo, a book which seems to me worthy of Chiswick. Putnam has also contributed to the stock of standard literature in the country by library editions of Addison, Goldsmith, Irving, and Cooper. The same house published the *World of Art and Industry*, an official illustrated catalogue of the New York Exhibition, in 4to., a very creditable production; and a curious book entitled the *Lost Prince*, originally published in *Putnam's Magazine*, to prove that one Eleazer Williams, an Indian preacher, is the lost Dauphin. Soon after the essays appeared, Eleazer, coming to New York, found himself unexpectedly a lion, and the church in which he temporarily officiated crowded with fashion. He has since been jostled off by the bearded lady and the spirit rappers. The magazine in which these papers were published continues to hold its position at the head of the light literature of America; but cannot claim comparison with *Fraser* and *Blackwood*. The *Literary World*, a creditable journal, with ends corresponding to those of the *Critic*, has lately died for want of support. This leaves us without a cheap literary medium intermediate between the monthlies, unless, indeed, the excellent *Gazette*, published by Norton, can be called such. This is rather a publisher's gazette and record of new publications than a critical journal, and has no department devoted to art or music. The same publisher has established a new review, called the *New York Quarterly*, which, if well conducted, may rival the old *North American*. The latter has lately changed hands; and its friends hope to see it again brought to the rank it held when Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, and Wheaton contributed to it pages. There is certainly room enough for improvement. Speaking of periodical literature, Norton has just published an index to it in a large 8vo. volume, prepared by the librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library, which is well spoken of by those who have examined it. It gives both the subjects and authors of the various articles in the English and American reviews and magazines.

Works of travel, principally in Europe, are the current literature of the day. Young America, got rich, goes abroad, sees very old sights, comes home, writes the story, prints it, and everybody reads what is written. Englishmen, who have lived all their lives in an old country, surrounded with choice works of art, must find it difficult to understand the enthusiasm even of the educated inhabitants of this glacially new country, when first visiting the picturesque ruins of Europe, the consecrated spots in its political and literary history, and its galleries of art. Every traveller, who comes back and tells his story in a readable manner, is sure to find quantities of readers, both among those who have been over the ground and those who are expecting to go over it—which latter class includes nearly the whole community—a Transatlantic passage being looked upon as a bagatelle. Of the stock of books lately published, Hillard's *Six Months in Italy* deserves first notice, as the work of a scholar imbued with the love of art and the beautiful. Professor Silliman gives us a *Visit to Europe*; and Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, a quiet scholar, but more a man of the world than Mr. Hillard, *A Month in England*. Mrs. Lippincott, known under the euphonious title of Grace Greenwood, gives a lively record of her *Haps and Mishaps in Europe*. The ridiculous habit of adopting an alliterative *nom-de-plume* has become so common among American women (witness Fanny Forrester, Fanny Fern, &c.), that a wag publishes a list for their selection in future, containing such names as Theresa Thimbleberry, Pamela Pineapple, &c. I have not heard that any romantic fair one has yet rechristened herself from the collection. Mr. Willis has published, in book form, a series of letters from the West Indies to the *Home Journal*, under the title of *Health Trip to the Tropics*. They are written in his usual exaggerated style. And a Mr. Lowell Mason prints *Musical Letters from Abroad*, which are well spoken of. The only book of travels interesting for its novelty is Lieut. Herndon's account of his survey of the Amazon, made by order of the Government of the United States, and published under its superintendence.

I have confined myself in this letter almost exclusively to New York. Philadelphia and Boston are also great publishing places, and I shall, in my next, speak more of them. I also hope, at an early day, to give you an account of American art, and more especially of landscape-painting, which takes its tone from American skies, rivers, and hills, and is, consequently, unlike anything in Europe.

The only new books of note I have heard announced are a new edition of Wheaton's *International Law*, and a new volume of Bancroft's *History*, both to be published in Boston.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, Jan. 14.

THE last quarter of the elapsed year witnessed rather more productiveness than is usual (making exception in regard to theological publications) in the fields of literature under Papal sway; not but that the same characteristic deficiencies have been still observable in those walks where aliment is sought by speculative or imaginative minds.

Among the most valuable of recent publications, not only in these states, but in all Italy, may be classed the *History of the Council of Constance* by Padre Tosti, a Benedictine (2 vols. printed at Naples, but sold in the Benedictine Monastery here.) This ecclesiastic, author of the *History of the Lombardic League*, that of his own venerably renowned cloister on Monte Cassino, and that of Boniface VIII. (his last preceding work), is one of the most vivid in style and philosophic in tone of thought among Italian prose-writers. A lively imagination is brought to bear by him on facts and details compiled with indefatigable industry; from the complications of human affairs he endeavours, by searching analysis, to deduce the evidence of moral principles—the true philosophy of history; and, treating for the most part episodes in ecclesiastical annals by preference, not his least recommendation to the reader is, that his themes are never tediously spun out, his pages never totally unenterprising. There is, it is true, an occasional touch of the comic, and a propensity to hyperbole in his language, that surprises the reader accustomed to the conventional gravity of ecclesiastical historians; but which is perfectly intelligible in one so remarkable for quickness in the motions of his mind, as anecdotes repeated to me show the worthy Benedictine to be. He will think over a chapter, in the elaboration of any new work, go into his cell, and put the whole on paper, without revising or correcting a single page; and keep the printer's boy waiting for his MSS., to be taken to the press the moment the forging process has been accomplished from his brain co-operating with his hand: *à propos* of which I may mention the fact reported to me the other day, that, being requested to write a brief memoir of some saint illustrating his religious Order, Tosti sat down instantly to the work, and before the lapse of forty-eight hours produced a biography extending over 120 pages! His *Life of Boniface VIII.* was written mainly with the object of justifying that pontiff against the black imputations with which his memory had been loaded,

and even his lifetime traduced, originally by the courtiers of Philip le Bel, his ruthless antagonist, and almost coincidentally by Dante, re-echoed by not a few chroniclers of the middle and of modern ages. There is a blending of the romantic in grouping, with the tragic in incident, that gives peculiar fascination to this record of the stormy, semi-barbarous, yet gorgeous epoch, comprising the last years of the thirteenth and opening of the fourteenth century. With a graphic touch, not unworthy the most admired writers of fiction, does Tosti portray to us successively the discordant, often-interrupted Conclave at Rome and Perugia, after the death of Nicholas IV.; the strangely romantic episode of the pontificate and abdication of Celestine V., raised at once from the ascetic solitude of his hermitage on a sterile height of the wild mountains near Ferentino, to the throne and tiara, and voluntarily returning to his "hairy gown and mossy cell," after six months' experience of uneasy, intrigue-beset sovereignty; the election of Boniface (Gastani) in the gloomy chambers of the Anjou Castle at Naples; the pageantry of his coronation at Rome, and installation at the Lateran; his struggles with haughty and rapacious kings; his cruelly-indicted humiliation at Anagni; and, lastly, his religious death (grossly misrepresented by other historians). The history of the Council is in some respects more interesting than the preceding, inasmuch as it refers to a period when the genius of two fateful ages—the speculations and politico-ecclesiastical novelties of the modern, with the faith and enthusiasm of the mediæval—came into a collision pregnant with results for the Church, for civilization, and intellect. "The story of the Synod of Constance (the author expresses himself) comprises many pages of that of Humanity, inasmuch as, while the Pontiff was silent, it was Humanity that confessed the sins, the desires, the hopes of its conscience, and with the groanings of a woman in travail declared it had conceived something great—the age of the Press. I have faith in Providence as a double fount of revelation—that which gushes scripturally from the volume of the Gospel, and that which irrigates the earth borne by the turbid waters of the torrent of human events." John XXIII., deposed, together with two turbulent Anti-Popes, and for a period imprisoned by this Council, shortly afterwards threw himself at the feet of Martin V., his legitimately-elected rival, in Florence, and died in that city (1418), where his remains repose beneath a beautiful mausoleum in the Baptistery, displaying, under a recumbent figure, mitred and pontifically vested, whose calm expression affectingly contrasts with the stormy events of his life, the unique epitaph, "Balthasar Cossa, quondam Papa." To a meditation on this old Gothic tomb we owe the work above-noticed. Father Tosti was praying in the Florentine Baptistery (he tells us) in the 50th year of the present century. "My eyes (he adds) rested on the image of the deposed Pontiff sleeping in peace on his sarcophagus; and I thought of the other Pontiff who in those days was an exile at Gaeta. Constance and Gaeta became in my mind as two sources of great events, which, although separated by five centuries, were still living, and palpitating with relationships that strove to unite them in one creative principle—in one word, they were *sublimis* for history. On that day I determined to write these slight notices of the Council of Constance." To point out some of the best passages in the volume thus suggested, I may particularise the truly pictorial description of Constance; the tumult, pageantry, and strange approximation of contrasts, that attended the convocation within its antique walls of the most splendid assembly, perhaps, ever witnessed in Europe; the analysis and refutation of the theories advanced by Gerson, the intellectual representative of the University of Paris, in that ecclesiastical arena, respecting the Papacy and the aggregate Church, as apart from the Roman See; the postponement of the individual to the aggregate, in the claims of the two powers by Gerson, being combated with much ingenuity (whatever we may think of his conclusions) by Tosti, whose point of view is decidedly the so-called "ultramontane." Also, the flight of John XXIII. across the lake of Constance, during a tournament got up to cover his retreat by the Archduke of Austria; the episodes of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, with the terrific details of their condemnation and deaths at the stake (a delicate theme for the monastic historian, who successfully proves the recalcitrancy and perversity of the two innovating teachers, but paints the closing scene too vividly not to inspire horror and indignation); the deposition of Pope John, after the baffling of his various subterfuges, and his final submission, with tears and piteous appeals, little tempered by dignity, to the omnipotent Council; the election of Colonna (Martin V.) in the Merchants' Hall of Constance; and lastly, his departure from the town for Rome, with a gorgeous train, comprising (one might say) the whole pomp and potency of the Middle Ages: its accessories surrounding the grand central group, full of dramatic significance, of the Pope, crowned, and vested in robes described by a cotemporary chronicler as "a marvel to behold for their rich texture of golden wool," riding on a white steed led by the Emperor Sigismund and the Elector of Brandenburg, with the Archdukes of Austria and Bavaria and five other princes dividing the honour

of supporting his horse's trappings, and a Knight of the Empire holding an ample *baldachino* over his head; in front, after a company of knights, was borne the Holy Sacrament by a priest on a white horse, surrounded by a multitude of clerics with torches; and in the rear rode all the prelates and other voters in the council, the army, and the citizens of Constance, in all 40,000 horsemen. Whatever may be thought of the theological tendencies of this work, certainly the Benedictine historian has discharged his task conscientiously, in endeavouring to elucidate the profoundest meanings from the great drama he has undertaken to exhibit. The volumes were lately presented by him to Pius IX., and the reverend author has now returned to his convent on Monte Cassino to occupy himself with another undertaking, from which much may be expected—a History of the Greek Schism. Another cloistered historian, Father Theiner, of the Oratorians in Rome, is now superintending from a distance the publication in Paris of his *Life of James II.* of England, to appear (I believe) in German, French, and English simultaneously; and we shall shortly be able to judge whether this testimony, founded on inedited documents from the Vatican Archives, is really of a nature to modify the opinion historically sanctioned hitherto as to the character of that unfortunate king—whether Macaulay is really to be met by refutation on any position of importance from a convent in Rome.

An historic undertaking on a great scale is now being furthered, though not proceeding from nor depending on any co-operation of Italian pens, in this city—the History of Germany from the earliest times, by Pertz, of which, I believe, fourteen volumes have already appeared at Berlin, yet (so vast the plan of narration) only carrying the reader to the epoch of Charlemagne. Several young men of talent, employed by the Prussian Government, are engaged in the compilation of materials and collation of authorities for these colossal annals, at present—as for some time past—in the Vatican Library. Another work, that may come under the historic category, but seems to promise even more, has been noticed favourably, and the part published criticised, in the *Civiltà Cattolica*—the conception alone of which seems to me so decidedly to indicate a mind of exalted temper, a power of thought more than ordinary in its grasp, that I regret being unable to acquaint myself with it save through the medium of the above-named periodical. Count Tullio Dandolo of Milan (the author in question) has, at intervals during several years, been producing various works on subjects of a high order, all having reference to the story of intellect or that of civilisation—Studies on the Ages of Pericles, Augustus, Rome and the Empire, on Switzerland in the Middle Ages, and, lastly, the "Epochs of Dante and Columbus." He now announces the project of throwing all these contributions together under one leading idea and title, *The History of Thought* ("Storia del Pensiero"), extending over fourteen or fifteen volumes, and divided into philosophically characterised sections, as—Thought before the Christian Era—Incipient Christianity—Thought of Paganism—Christian Thought under the Empire—in the Barbarian and Middle Ages—Thought in Modern Times. And of a work so truly great (if fulfilling its promise) the *Epochs of Dante and Columbus* ("I Secoli di due sommi Italiani," &c.) is to form one section.

Rarely is it that the appearance of any novelty in the poetic form has to be recorded in this city; but in a late instance the somewhat extravagant adulation habitually paid to old patrician families by Italian writers, from the days of Ariosto and Tasso, has manifested itself with not unpleasant results on occasion of a marriage between the Prince Enrico Barberini and Princess Teresa Orsini. To compliment this happy pair the Countess Orfei, a lady well known in academic reunions and literary *conversazioni* here, brought out a volume of *Sacred Rhymes for the most auspicious Nuptials*, &c. ("Rime sacre per le auspiciousissime Nozze, &c."), with a dedicatory address to the bride, in which the learned Countess seasons her rhapsodies of homage to the two noble houses felicitously allied by Hymen, with quotations from Horace, Claudian, and Sidorius Apollinaris. The contents are better than the dedication; for in all these poems there is evidence of a cultivated mind, a tender religious feeling, and purity of taste. Themes of the sacred character are most numerous, and generally best treated, but not to the exclusion of all others in this volume, which also presents a series of effusions commemorating almost every political event calling forth expressions of loyalty (but not one of opposite import) during the last eight-and-twenty years in the Papal metropolis—the "glorious return to his see of Pius IX." (with a complimentary allusion to Martinez de la Rosa, at that time Spanish ambassador here, referring to his recitation of some original Italian verses at an *Accademia* in honour of the event)—Odes on "the fifteenth anniversary of the creation of Gregory XVI.," on "the elevation of Pius IX.," and to Leo XII. "on his proclamation of the jubilee." The Countess Orfei may be considered the most accomplished poetess of the day in Italy; now an elderly lady, she is of pleasing and dignified manners, that constitute the charm of her *conversazioni*; but one must hesitate to make any exception from the prevailing character of embroidered conventionality in modern Italian verse, whose enfeebled efforts have

indeed become little more than an art of weaving in words and charming by sounds. Leopardi, indeed, set a higher example, till cut off by premature death a few years since; and Frati, on the banks of Arno, still lives to vindicate the national muse. The *canzone*, published here lately by the Librarian of the Barberini Palace as an original of Dante, has been commented on by a writer, evidently of erudition, in the Tuscan *Monitore*, calling its authenticity into question. From another princely library here, that of the Corsini, have been given to the press various inedited letters of Fénelon, dated between the years 1709-12, addressed to the Abate Alemanni at Rome (afterwards nuncio at Naples and Madrid), and to the Duke de Chevreuse. Their contents relate chiefly to two memorials in Latin, drawn up by the good Bishop of Cambrai, to justify himself against the strictures of Cardinal Fabroni on his pastorals, with an appendix on the affairs of Rome, but which memorials, it appears, never reached their destination; and the longest of the letters is written to explain their tenor to Alemanni, with protestations of attachment to the Holy See, adding that what he had advanced ought not to offend *les gens sages*. "I only reprove (are Fénelon's words) what is reprov'd by St. Bernard, by many wise and zealous cardinals, and by Baronius." Reforms are suggested elsewhere to the consideration of the inquiring Pontiff, in application of their enforcement to the regular clergy, to the organisation of studies, the schools, which Fénelon recommends should be moderated and brought into more friendly relations, with retrenchment of too lively disputes on useless and dangerous questions.

The Sock and the Buskin have, within the last few weeks, received a tribute of rare honour—a token of interest entertained on their behalf by the Tiara, seldom, if ever, preceded. Monsignor Mertel, Minister of the Interior, announced the order issued by his Holiness to send circulars to all the delegates of provinces in these states, defining what should be the true objects of dramatic literature, and exhorting them to forbid the production of objectionable compositions, whilst writers of talent are to be stimulated to the cultivation of this walk by the offer of premiums for such pieces as are deemed praiseworthy "in the dramatic, moral, and social aspect," which approved compositions are finally to be forwarded by the delegates to Rome, here to be submitted to judges authorised, for inappellable decision.

Five theatres reopened for the campaign of the "carnival season" on St. Stephen's-day—the largest number ever contemporaneously active in Rome; and the Valle (the house for national drama *par excellence*) has engaged Gherardo della Testa, a writer of domestic drama and comedy, some of whose pieces may be considered among the finest specimens of the literature of the Italian stage at this day, as the author of its company.

The Apollo opera-house opened with the *Trovatore* of Verdi, supported by Colletti as the basso, and Bancarde as the tenore; the latter has a voice of exquisite sweetness, but a conceited indifference in acting that really provokes one to behold; Barbieri Nini, who has since joined the company as *prima donna*, adds a great attraction. A French corps has taken one of the minor theatres, but with very indifferent support, either from the Romans or their foreign conquerors—notwithstanding that the principal actress has abilities, which I have seen very effectively displayed in the difficult part of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

Politics have interfered even with the enjoyments of the theatre in some instances; and the actor usually considered a sort of Italian Macready at this day (eminent, indeed, rather for power than grace or sensibility, and peculiarly admired in his impersonation of Alfieri's sterner characters), Gustavo Modena, can never appear again on Roman or Tuscan boards, having been one of the arraigned, and condemned by subsequently-mitigated sentence, in the trial of Guerrazzi and his colleagues.

The late celebrations of the Church have been magnificent as ever, and attended by immense multitudes. No vocal music at these successive ceremonies is equal for the expression of exulting adoration to that in the temple of the United Greeks on the Epiphany; but the Papal High Mass on the night of the nativity, and illumination of S. Maria Maggiore for that occasion, are surpassing in triumphant and mystic gorgeousness. Several sacred concerts were also given during Advent by the choir of St. Peter's.

Other species of performances at the present season are numerous here—I mean the academico-literary, with their inexhaustible sonnets and indiscriminating applause. The *Arcadians* meet once a week to listen to their own recitations in prose and verse—the theme for the opening (the prose) composition being always previously announced in the official paper; and if their subjects are sometimes trivial they are often interesting, as *suggestive* at least to more consecutive studies. One, for instance, discussed on a late occasion, was the question whether Dante actually died in the year commonly assigned to that event. The orator of "Arcadia" (the actual *locus* of which is nothing more classical than an upper room in an obscure and gloomy street), labouring to prove that he lived to a later date.

The Academy of St. Luke held an extraordinary reunion on the festival of St. John to honour the

name-day of Pius IX. (Giovanni Mastai), in two halls thrown open for the first time in their institution on the Forum, for exhibiting the works of academicians. Visconti (Commissioner of Antiquities) read a paper on the true vocation of the fine arts, with a eulogy on the munificence of the Popes, especially of his present Holiness, in promoting their interests. The Chevalier Betti then addressed himself to the young competitors for the annual prizes in the provinces of painting, design, sculpture, and architecture, whose works had been pronounced worthy; and these same performances, exhibited in the outer hall, were crowned with the laurel by the hands of Jacobini, Minister of Public Works. An orchestra enlivened the proceedings, which were public, at intervals, with sufficiently operatic effect, enhanced by artificial illumination from hundreds of tapers (notwithstanding that daylight shone into the hall), and a profusion of gaily-coloured hangings theatrically distributed around—a true specimen of the festal *Accademia* according to Italian programmes. It is a very different, and, indeed, unique performance, conventionally placed in the same category, by which the students of the Propaganda celebrate with a most choice "feast of languages" the first Sunday after the Epiphany, the numerous recitations in different tongues mostly revolving on the subjects of the *Santi Re Magi*, the calling of the Gentiles, or the Nativity. In this last instance were forty-four compositions in different languages (dialects included, though not more distinct from each other than lowland Scotch and pure English, both of which had their representative.) The Asiatic idioms had sixteen, the European twenty-three, the African five places on the prospectus, with a thanksgiving to the audience as a *finale*, in seven tongues, successively uttered in a few words of complimentary sense, and at last uniting in a general tumult of Babel-like discord, whose effect was indescribable. The English composition, as usual, was poetic, on a text from Isaiah, and creditably well written by the youth who delivered it, a Bostonian named Quinn. One may be inclined to apostrophise with reverence on such an occasion the memory of Mezzofanti, that marvellous linguist having been once the presiding genius of the Philologic Academy, the only individual living who was able to correct and criticise all the compositions. Fortunately for the public, who throng most eagerly to this performance, the whole is restricted within the limits of an hour and a half at the longest, and many may be disposed to acquiesce in the condolence amusingly introduced by one of the valedictory speakers, "Alas! you have listened already to far too many tongues." The press of the Propaganda has lately published the splendidly illustrated work which I have mentioned in a former letter while yet prospective—*History of the Religious-Military Orders in the States of the Church*, in one volume, with illuminations and engravings (price twelve scudi). At this press works having no connection with the aims or interests of the institution it pertains to may be printed, by permission of the Cardinal Prefect; and here is presently to be formed a deposit of the most recent Catholic publications, of approved merits, from England. Types for almost every known language, besides grammars and dictionaries *ad infinitum*, are provided for the printer and purchaser at this office.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION.—A return to the House of Commons, which has been printed, states that the number of pupil teachers in England and Wales, who have completed their term of apprenticeship, under the minutes of the Committee in Council, up to August last, was 1371, including 942 males and 429 females.

THE COINAGE OF 1853.—We mentioned the other day the extraordinary and enormous amount of our coinage last year; but the other two great Mints of the world have been equally active. The coinage at the London Mint amounted in value to no less than 12,663,069*l.*; in France the coinage of the year amounted to 14,101,120*l.*; and in the United States the amount was 11,961,702*l.*; so that the three principal Mints of the world issued in that one year, coin of the value of 38,725,831*l.* The *Economist* justly remarks that such an immense amount of coinage, still leaving complaints of insufficient currency to conduct the domestic transactions of these three great countries, points to an increase of trade and activity in productive industry without any parallel in the history of the world.—*Times*.

ENGLISH QUEENS AND EUROPEAN WARS.—Each of the Queens that has sat on the English throne has had to wage an European war; though the Roman Catholic Mary lost Calais, the Virgin Queen Elizabeth successfully resisted the invincible Armada; Good Queen Anne brought the war with Louis XIV. to a close, which procured the recognition of the Protestant succession, various territorial concessions from France in America, Spain's resignation of Gibraltar and the Pillars of Hercules, that stand as the portico to the Mediterranean Sound. Elizabeth opposed to the Spanish, Anne to the Bourbon, Victoria to the Muscovite universal monarchy—is not that a peculiar ordination of God? Victoria—it is a name that sounds well in the ears of the nation and of her allies. What champion does not look hopefully to Victoria? Her victory this time will be the victory of peoples, the victory of all nations.—*Berlin National Zeitung*.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of a Medical Life, with Cases and Practical Illustrations. By JONATHAN TOOGOOD, Extra-Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Founder of, and late Surgeon to, the Bridgewater Infirmary, &c.—“If medical practitioners generally kept a register of important cases and remarkable incidents of their lives,” writes the accomplished author of this interesting volume, “how much valuable information would be added to our present fund of knowledge. This is perfectly true; and Dr. Toogood has given us a good sample of what might be done by a country practitioner in this way, in the evening of life, upon a review of memoranda kept, often with difficulty and always with praiseworthy diligence, during his busy days. The book consists of short dissertations on a great variety of medical and surgical subjects, of great practical value, and always illustrated by cases. And, in addition to these, there are many interesting and amusing—sometimes ludicrous—anecdotes, culled from the Doctor’s experience, and sometimes from his evidently extensive reading. The following is an apt illustration of the rich vein of humour with which all who have the pleasure of Dr. Toogood’s acquaintance know him to be endowed. After alluding to the difficulties often attending the practice of rural surgery, he relates that he was once obliged to tie the inguinal artery “on a ricketty table, hardly strong enough to support the weight of the patient, in a small room admitting very little light; and, in another case, where both legs were broken by a loaded waggon passing over them, it was necessary to remove the patient into the doorway of the cottage, to obtain sufficient light by which to amputate.” He then adds, in a note at the bottom of the page:

But all operations which fall to the lot of country surgeons are not performed under equally disagreeable circumstances, of which the following is an example:—I was called one morning to a gentleman who had a very large carbuncle on his back, which I thought ought to be divided; his family, however, had some doubts of its propriety, from his advanced age, he being upwards of eighty. I suggested, therefore, a consultation with his next-door neighbour, who had been an army surgeon, and was then practising as a physician. Now my patient was a scholar and a wit; and when the physician came, I repeated the following lines, which I had lately seen in a periodical:—

*Chirurgus an medicus quo distat? Scilicet illo,
Enecat hic succia, enecat ille manu.
Carnifices ambo, hoc tantum differre videntur,
Tardius hic facit, quod facit ille cito.*

Translated thus:—

A single doctor like a sculler plies —
The patient lingers, and he surely dies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him with swiftness to the Stygian shores.

The operation was scarcely finished, when the patient, long before the smarting had ceased, said to me, “That was a very bad translation you made just now; call on me in half an hour, and I will give you a better.” On my next visit he put a paper into my hand, which ran thus:—

ARCADES AMBO.

*Ye chirurgians and M.D.’s, alike is your game;
Ye differ in time—the result is the same;
The surgeon’s bright knife leads at once to our end;
And as surely the doctor’s his nocte sumend!*

For ourselves, however, we prefer the doctor’s translation.

In his concluding remarks, which are very pithy, Dr. Toogood cautions his brethren who are advancing in years against a too early retirement from professional practice. The following passage shows that our author’s knowledge of human nature is not confined to muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels.

Accustomed as those who take a deep interest and enter heart and soul into their profession have been, during the greater part of their lives, to daily active exercise of body and mind, and having devoted their energies almost exclusively to their cultivation, they will find it difficult to withdraw their minds from a favourite pursuit, and turn to other occupations. They will feel the loss of excitement, and time will hang heavily on their hands. They will probably discover, when too late, that the occasional annoyances inseparable from a troublesome profession are more tolerable than ennui, and that “it is better to bear the ills we have.” “We in general,” says Montesquieu, “place idleness amongst the beatitudes of heaven; it should rather, I think, be put amongst the torments of hell.” From general and personal experience, I would recommend my professional brethren never to retire from their active duties whilst their mental faculties and physical strength remain unimpaired, from a firm conviction that those who adopt such a determination will best consult their own health and happiness.

The late Sir Astley Cooper, in his latter days, presented a practical illustration of the truth of this remark. After retiring from practice for a short period, the celebrated baronet was fain to appear again among the competitors for practice, to escape from the miseries of ennui. There is a time, however, when the failure of the powers of body and mind is apt to become more obvious to the friends of the individual than to himself; and wisdom dictates that a friendly hint should, in such a case, be promptly

acted upon. It is not pleasant for a once popular practitioner to discover that his practice is retiring from him, and that his few remaining patients consult him from a delicate regard to his feelings, not from confidence in his opinion or advice.

Lectures on Surgical Pathology, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. By JAMES PAGET, F.R.S. (in two volumes.)—Mr. Paget is too well known to the profession to make it necessary for us to say a word of commendation on a course of lectures which contain profound instruction for individuals of every class and grade of the profession. No medical library will be complete without these volumes; and he who is unacquainted with their contents has yet to learn the most interesting and fundamental truths connected with the study of medicine. Pathology is the natural history of disease. Both the science and its name belong almost exclusively to the present century; and, so far as the study relates to surgical matters, no man has been more assiduous or more successful in its pursuit than Mr. Paget. If there is any incompleteness in these volumes, it arises from their having been delivered only in illustration of the pathological contents of Hunter’s Museum. The author has, however, made the lectures “less incomplete and more correct by the aid of numerous facts ascertained since they were delivered,” as well as adding to them contributions to the literature of the subject which want of time, or their inaptness for oral delivery, obliged him to omit. The illustrations are exceedingly beautiful; and the profession is indebted to Mr. Paget for thus taking home to the hearths of thousands of the members of the College those valuable materials which it was impossible for them to cull from their original and oral source.

II. EPIDEMICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The weekly return of the Registrar-General still speaks favourably of the general health. The rate of mortality has slightly decreased during the two weeks ending February the 18th, but the mortality from hooping-cough, probably increased by the very frequent changes in the temperature, is remarkably high. During the last week it has amounted to eighty-three, which nearly doubles the weekly average. Scarlatina is likewise very fatal, but not unusually so. The most remarkable circumstance is the continued prevalence of the furunculoid epidemic. Three deaths from carbuncle are registered for the week; a disease which formerly carried off not more than three or four victims in a year. No one seems able to account for this remarkable kind of epidemic. It is accompanied with boils, pustular, and other affections of the skin, cutaneous abscesses, whitloes, and indeed every form of skin disease. It is to be hoped that the attention of the profession will be more generally directed to this class of diseases. That they indicate a particular state of the blood cannot be doubted. And he will be a useful student of epidemics who can trace it satisfactorily to any meteorological origin. It is by no means confined to any particular locality, although it often rages with peculiar severity in a confined district for a time. The whole civilised world has suffered from it for some years, and at present it seems on the increase. One case of death from illegal neglect of vaccination has occurred in a child of five months, born since the new Vaccination Act came into operation. It is satisfactory to learn that Lord Lyttelton’s proposed alterations of this Act are to be submitted to the profession in due form. A committee of medical representatives of various corporate bodies is to be formed, in order to give the subject their best consideration.

III. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

Messrs. Frémy and Becquerel, of Paris, have been investigating the circumstances attending the conversion of pure, dry, inactive oxygen into ozone, by the electric spark. It appears that the electric discharge from different sources produces this effect; but that the spark of high intensity emitted from the electrical machine is the most energetic of all in effecting this conversion. When the spark contains the same electricity, its effect is in direct proportion to its length; for, at two places of discharge in the same circuit, with intervals of as 1 is to 2, its ozone-producing effect is in the same ratio of 1 to 2. The spark can act by induction, since when it passes on the outside of a glass tube hermetically sealed, and inclosing oxygen, ozone is produced. To determine the facility with which ordinary oxygen becomes transformed into ozone by electrical action, some tubes filled with oxygen gas in its passive state were placed in a pneumatic trough containing a solution of iodide of potassium, the gas being in contact with the solution; whilst other tubes, also hermetically sealed, were filled with the same gas in contact with metallic silver. The ozonising action of the spark proved to be very small, since tubes of about seven inches long, and one-fifth of an inch in diameter, filled with oxygen, required no less than 500,000 discharges to convert the whole of it into ozone. We have all heard of the strong smell of sulphur

when the electrical discharge strikes an object; and many have been sensible of a peculiar pungency in the air during a vivid thunder-storm; both cases fairly attributable to the ozone then produced, the intense odour of which may be imagined, as one part mixed with 500,000 times its bulk of air may be readily recognised by the smell. Another popular notion of the destruction of miasmata “clearing the air,” by a violent thunder-storm, seems to be equally well founded, and now to receive its explanation, since a violent discharge of electricity is attended with the production of this most powerful of oxidising bodies, which, combining with the miasmata, purifies the atmosphere. The properties and composition of ozone, and even its existence as a separate body, are, however, still matters of dispute; and no branch of chemistry is more entitled to close investigation, particularly with reference to the causes of epidemics.

Mr. Brady has withdrawn his Medical Registration Bill, for the purpose of a few alterations, which will render it less objectionable to certain classes of practitioners not licensed by the London College of Physicians.

Mr. Gay’s dismissal from the office of Surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital continues to receive the indignant condemnation of provincial practitioners. At Reading, Brighton, Bristol, and Clifton, and other places, resolutions in conformity with the London protest have been passed. And, as a significant comment on the proceedings of the committee, several medical book-societies have published their resolution to discontinue the circulation of the *Lancet* in their respective clubs.

The City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest has lately received an ample addition to its funds by that most lucrative of all charity-inspiring expedients, a city feast. Lord John Russell occupied the chair, and the dinner was most respectably attended. The new hospital is now nearly completed, and it is the present intention of the committee to open the building for the reception of patients in the ensuing summer.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

FORENSIC SCIENCE.

WHAT IS COAL?—This seemingly simple question has, for the last six months or more, been a source of as much strife, if not discord, amongst a large portion of our scientific men as that in earlier days, raised by

The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Pelican banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board.

Nor is the contest yet determined. Chemist after chemist, geologist after geologist, oppose each other: whilst botanists, microscopists, and mineralogists come to diametrically opposite conclusions, when a substance known as the “Torbanehill Mineral” is placed before them, and the question put, Is that coal?

This question arose out of a trial, which excited an extreme interest in Scotland, respecting the right of the lessees of certain mines of coal, iron-stone, &c. to this mineral; the lessees contending it was conveyed to them under their lease, as it was coal; the lessors asserting that it could not be included in the lease, because it was not coal. This trial lasted a week, and scientific men from all parts were called to give their opinion on the point at issue; when, as has been stated, the most opposite views were maintained by men of the highest, and it may be said of equal, reputation in their several departments of natural science. This antagonism of opinion was a subject of pleasant banter to the judge, and of ridicule to the press; whilst even some journals, professedly devoted to science, joined in the outcry instead of exposing the groundlessness of these attacks; which they must, or at any rate ought to have known, were founded on that want of knowledge, on the part of the unscientific portion of the press, of the many and varying aspects in which a scientific proposition may often be regarded—an ignorance malice-like in a scientific journalist. Instead of being a disgrace to science, this trial is luminous evidence of the great scientific ability and honesty with which a question, on which many branches of natural science may be brought to bear, may be debated, and of the strong conviction experimental investigation imparts to its cultivators, utterly preventing union of opinion, on account of the different premises upon which their conclusions are founded. It is most unlikely that chemists and histologists, as a body, ever will or can agree in a definition of the word Coal. It is the old story of the shield, in which competent and knightly judges must come to opposite decisions on the evidence before them.

One man may define coal so as to include every variety of mineral substance capable of being used as fuel, whether it be anthracite, bitumen, bituminous shale, lignite, or the varieties of bituminous-carbon-

aceous minerals, about which no dispute can arise. Another would greatly limit this definition, and recognise no substance as coal which does not exhibit a peculiar organic structure under the microscope, yield when charred an available coke, and so on; and yet it is evident that each of these opinions may be held in good faith. The Lord President, who tried the case, went to the root of the matter, and remarked on the discrepancy in the scientific evidence, that it "argues the want of some reasonable and reputed definition" of coal.

In truth, scientific men are no better judges, indeed are rather worse ones, on such a subject, than men of ordinary judgment and common acquirements, to whom such a mineral may be shown and its nature and properties described: and this, simply, because coal, like many other common words in daily use, is not truly a scientific term. Thus, says one man, silk is the filament produced by the silk-worm; another includes under silk the web of the spider, &c. and even feels inclined to extend it to byssus; whilst wool, oil, leather, wood, gum, and almost all such generic names of things in common use, admit of a wide or limited signification according to the special view in which they may be regarded.

This "Torbanhill Mineral," or "Boghead Coal," is of a brown colour (Professor Quekett calls it dark-brown or black), of a somewhat slaty fracture (which is parallel to the stratification), and which is not conchoidal. It will not take a polish. It gives a pale fawn-coloured streak, and possesses no lustre; so that, if we disregard the Horatian maxim, and put our faith in colour and a few external physical characters, no hesitation would be felt, and the unanimous verdict would be: "It is not coal." If, however, we had a crystal of Iceland spar, a fragment of Parian marble, of black marble, of chalk, of the red limestone from Bristol, and a delicate quill-stalactite, placed before us, and men versed in such subjects all agreed that these utterly dissimilar-looking things were actually identical, all being carbonate of lime, we might think our decision on the Torbanhill Mineral was somewhat too hastily pronounced; and, if we were then shown that this mineral was especially valuable, because it yielded a very large quantity of coal-gas, possessing high illuminating powers—that it produced a large quantity of tar, burnt exactly like some acknowledged kinds of coal, and possessed, besides, many other properties common to ordinary coal, and to no other mineral substance—we should doubtless be inclined, if we could, to reverse our verdict, to come to the conclusion the special jury in Edinburgh arrived at, that the mineral before us was coal.

It was not to be expected that the scientific question thus raised, would be laid at rest by the decision of a jury, however well informed; and consequently, since the trial, the examination of this mineral has been pursued with renewed vigour, not only by the calumniated gentlemen who were witnesses on the trial, and who, for various assigned reasons, entertained opposite opinions as to the claim of the mineral to be called "coal," but by several others who were not engaged on either side, who have pursued this investigation with a view to determine the exact nature of this mineral, and to settle the question.

In the *Glasgow Commonwealth* of the 11th ult., there occurs a clever abstract of a discussion which took place at the *Royal Society of Edinburgh*, on the reading of a memoir by Professor Bennett "On the Structure of the Torbanhill Mineral," as compared with various kinds of coal." Dr. Bennett confined himself strictly to the histological characters of the mineral. He believes coal to be formed from coniferous wood, the structure which coal exhibited under the microscope confirming this idea; but in the Torbanhill Mineral no coniferous fibres could be detected. He also referred to certain bodies of a circular form which were to be seen in the transverse sections of all true coals, the presence of which he regarded as the true and decisive mark of coal; which bodies were, in his opinion, the ends of the ligneous tubes, of which all true coal is made up, and which in all cases are those of coniferous woods. In the Torbanhill Mineral no such tubes occur, and, consequently, it is not a variety of coal, but a distinct mineral. He fully admitted that organic structures are met with in this mineral, viz., the scalariform ducts of cryptogamic plants; but regarded their presence as accidental, and not necessarily indicating a vegetable origin in the mineral; and further, when this scalariform vascular tissue did occur, that it was not derived from the conifer, as they did not exhibit cross fibres in their wood cells. In noticing some spherical yellow bodies met with in the mineral, Dr. Bennett described them as being merely spherules of yellow bitumen; but granting, as some assumed, that these yellow spherules had the character of cells, and the ducts met with were the tissues of the same plant, he could not conceive how such a plant could have existed, with so great an abundance of cellular tissue, and such a paucity of vessels; this was another proof, in his opinion, that the mineral was not a fossil plant. He attributed the discordant botanical and microscopic testimony given on the trial, to these yellow globular bodies, which some regarded as vegetable cells, others as bituminous bodies. This observer narrows the field indeed: his definition of coal being—a mineral substance formed by coniferous wood.

Professor Balfour observes that to give an accu-

rate definition of coal is simply impossible. Coal includes many kinds of combustible material derived from plants; not from *Conifera* alone, but from the *Stigmaries*, and many others. So abundant, indeed, is the coal flora, that no less than 500 coal-plants have been described, of which 346 were acrogens, of which the ferns are examples, and 135 gymnosperms, of which the *Conifera*, or pines, are examples. The qualities of various coals depended greatly on the nature of the plants, the pressure and heat they were subjected to in the earth, the length of time elapsing during their conversion into coal, and the amount of earthy matter intermixed with them. In one coal-field certain tribes of plants might predominate, in another field a different tribe—which alone, were all other conditions similar, would give rise to different kinds of coal. Moreover, these varieties existed even in the same bed, showing the influence, not merely of the predominance of certain kinds of plants, but also proving the action of various mechanical and chemical forces in the formation of coal. Dr. Balfour also asserted the general appearance of this mineral is so like some other kinds of coal, that, when mixed together, a competent judge could not select the Torbanhill Mineral from the other coals.

At a previous meeting of the society, this subject had been discussed. Professor Traill when introducing, describing and naming the mineral—proposed, with curious infelicity, to affix the designation *Bitumenite* to a mineral containing but the merest trace of bitumen—pronounced it not to be coal. Drs. Gregory and Fleming came to a contrary decision, the latter observing that it belonged to the class of "cannel" or "parrot" coals—so named because these kinds of coal burnt with a bright flame like a candle, and, when thrown on the fire, split and crackle, chattering like a parrot. He also stated that he had seen specimens of fossil wood destitute of visible organic structure, when microscopically examined.

Edinburgh, however, does not monopolise the dispute. It has travelled, not to London merely, but to the continent of Europe. In London, Mr. Quekett, Professor of Histology (i. e. the science of the tissues and structures of organised beings) in the College of Surgeons, has descended into the arena, and, in a memoir on the subject, published in the *Microscopical Journal*, has discussed the affair with an ardour of language rare in such lucubrations, and which must have proved a pleasant excitement, the more agreeable because so unwonted, to the microscopists of the metropolis. In the Forum the philosopher is at the mercy of the judge; in the Academy the positions are reversed, and the judge must submit to discipline.

This memoir does not admit of sufficient compression to permit a notice of all the views insisted on by Mr. Quekett as decisive of the correctness of his opinion that the Torbanhill Mineral is no true coal. He, however, advances the assumption before described, and more fully adopted by Dr. Bennett, that the basis of coal is essentially wood, of a nature approaching more nearly to that of the *Conifera* than any other kind; and that ferns, mosses, and other plants, when fossilised and yielding combustible substances, do not form coal. It is also stated that sections of the mineral, when examined, whether these are cut vertically, obliquely, or horizontally, exhibited no perceptible differences of structure, whilst with sections of coal, when thus submitted to the microscope, it is easy at once to decide whether the section under view was longitudinal or transverse; and, further, when a cube of any kind of coal is microscopically examined, that four of its sides will exhibit a fibrous structure, precisely like that of wood, whilst the two remaining ones will appear bright, polished, and deficient in fibre. Finally, this gentleman describes these transverse sections of coal "as so peculiar and characteristic, that it affords the means of distinguishing coal from any other modification of vegetable tissue. The peculiarity consists in this—that, in the midst of a black opaque ground, numerous round transparent rings, each having a black dot in the centre, are interspersed; they appear like transverse sections of thick-walled cells, or of woody fibres." Is this, in all seriousness, a definition sufficiently broad, clear, precise, and comprehensible, upon which to stake the vast interests of the coal trade of this kingdom? Professor Quekett, in his calmer moments, would hardly defend his own definition, if thus to be applied. He, like others, has asked, Where can a correct definition of coal be found? To meet the peculiar views of each observer, each of whom regards the subject from a special and peculiar phase, and therefore must err when he applies his specific description to a vast variety of substances, included under one general and commonly-used designation, no such definition can, nor ever will be found. But, as in the case before us, where a body of men of ordinary knowledge and judgment had to determine whether the term, coal, when applied to a given substance, was properly so applied, they would rightly disregard all subtle distinctions, even were the evidence respecting such distinctions unanimous, and, in all probability, turn to some great and received authority on the meaning of English words, Johnson's Dictionary for instance, and there finding "Coal—A common fossil fuel," would devote themselves to the question, Does this definition apply to the combustible mineral substance

before us? In the Torbanhill case the jury decided in the affirmative; a decision which has already caused, and will still further cause, "proudest contention and hot argument" amongst the votaries of science.

In the numerous publications and discussions this Torbanhill Mineral has given rise to, I have nowhere seen any allusion to a very similar, indeed almost a counterpart case, tried about the same time in New Brunswick, during which precisely the same question was raised as in the foregoing case; whether the mineral found in the Albert-mine, Hillsborough, New Brunswick, was or was not coal. Like many other Transatlantic matters, this trial was of a magnitude happily unknown here; its duration being three weeks; the scientific witnesses being gathered from Canada, the Northern States of America, and the province in which the mine is situated; the annual value of the mineral extracted being about 30,000*l.*; the judge's charge lasting nearly six hours, and the jury's consultation, in odd contrast, the same number of minutes.

The Hillsborough Mineral is of a jet-black colour, very fragile, breaks with a very marked conchoidal fracture, has a most brilliant lustre, is perfectly opaque, cracks in the fire, the fragments fusing on their edges merely, and burns with a fuliginous flame. In a slight and rough sketch of the scientific evidence adduced at this trial—from the pen of the late Mr. J. E. Teschemacher of Boston, U.S., a gentleman intimately acquainted with many branches of natural science, and one of the most important of the witnesses—with a perusal of which I have been favoured, it appears that the country around Hillsborough is a true coal formation. In the shale above this mineral, fossil fishes abound; a few plants are met with, chiefly fucoid, one *Lepidodendron*, but no ferns, so far as this gentleman's examination went. Again, whilst asphaltum melts and runs at 300 deg. Fahr., this substance required a heat of about 700 deg. to soften it, but it could not be melted. It will weld iron, and yields about 40 per cent. of coke. Benzol, &c. dissolve out but from 5 to 8 per cent. of bitumen after long and repeated digestion. At first sight Mr. Teschemacher thought it to be true bitumen (asphaltum), so exactly does it resemble that substance in appearance, but subsequently found good reason to regard it as a highly bituminous coal. There is no description of the structure of this mineral, given in this abstract, definite enough to permit of transcription; but its perfect similarity in structure with anthracite-coal is said to be very striking. Should any microscopist in this country desire to examine the structure of this mineral, I shall be happy to send him fragments from a small specimen in my possession, so long as the specimen itself holds out. In this case the gentlemen of St. John's, like their brethren at Edinburgh, pronounced the mineral submitted to their judgment to be coal. HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

Is a late number of the *Illustrated London News*, a writer "falls foul" of the *House of Commons* in the *New Westminster Palace*. It is described as "the oddest and most incomprehensible apartment that ever was seen;—a strictly like nothing that ever was built before;—no shape;—no cribbed, cabined, caged, confined, bound in;—typical of the legislation which is carried on in it, which always is proposed to be comprehensive and expansive, but is practically narrow and circumscribed." The critic acknowledges, however, that, as originally formed, it was "well-proportioned, handsome, and imposing;" its present aspect having been occasioned by the measures necessary to convert an approved piece of Tudor architecture—a fine thing to look at—into a nondescript contrivance, suitable to speak in. The service of the room, as regards its practical purpose, is admitted to be reasonably perfect; but the room itself "presents an aspect as comical and eccentric as can be found out of China."

The best way of meeting all the lamentations which are now being poured down on the subject of the great bantling, which owns for its father the original dictum of a Building Committee, and for its mother the genius of Sir C. Barry, will be to paraphrase the opening chapters of *Tristram Shandy*:—"I wish either the father or the mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot it. Had they duly considered how much depended on what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a grand and all-surpassing piece of national architecture was concerned in it, but that even the fortunes of the whole nation might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which the fitness and convenience of the building might occasion in the nation's representatives therein to be assembled: Had they duly weighed and considered all this; that there are styles, forms, and particulars, as unsuitable as they are magnificent; and that there are other styles, forms, and particulars, as magnificent as they are suitable;—I am verily persuaded the said building would have made a very different figure in the world of Westminster than that which it now

presents. Had the Messieurs Infallible, the Critics, who are now so cognisant of everything that is wrong, been stimulated by the slightest timely notion of anything right, then might both father and mother have been happily aided in motions of different quality and better direction; but, started as they were in the tracks and trains laid down for them by the then reigning caprice of a whimsical public, away they went, like hey-go-mad, and the devil himself would not have been able to drive them from their course. *Alas!* said poor Mr. Shandy, *my Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world!*

All the defects of the great Westminster bantling were born into the unavoidable progress of fatality, when the fiat went forth that the free growth of its body and the full play of its limbs should be "cabined, cribbed, and confined," in Tudor "swaddling clouts," and "bound in by the saucy doubts and fears" which attached to a deviation from a certain manner which was supposed to have been once peculiarly English. "Manner" has been said to "make the man;" but if ever man was made by manner, here we have a magnificent example of it; for a transcendently successful fulfilment of all that was romantically asked for, has ended in the lack of what was practically required; or, at least, in the final production of it by botching.

It may be, perhaps, allowed, that nine-tenths of the real purposes provided for are not only gorgeously, but conveniently, supplied; but the tenth was the purpose,—the heart,—the very "life of the building." It should have been the one thing, first thought of, and, till it was perfected, only thought of,—wholly sovereign in its sway over the congregated multitude of its surrounding accessories. A model room of certain capacity, for the purpose of senatorial debate, should have been the object, without any reference whatever to architectural style; and it should have been not only designed, but constructed, in the absolute simplicity of walls and roof, benches and galleries, to be tried experimentally, altered, and ultimately perfected as an auditorium, before any thought as to artistic character or decorative expression. Having at length got the thing, the ornamentation of the thing would have followed the promptings of self-suggestion; and we will be bold to say that the result would have been an Anglicised Greco-Roman edifice, with eloquence enough in its columnar splendour and domed majesty to have made the "Stones of Venice" rattle in abject terror, like "old bones" in an earthquake.

We find ourselves mildly censured by those who think with us in respect to the columnar architecture of Greece, and the scenic magnificence of that of Rome, because we do not think with them in regard to the influence which any present critical power may have, in opposition to our feelings and to our trust in the daily growing regard of the public at large for the ascendancy of modified classic design. Let it not, however, be supposed that we are obstinate in our convictions. We are, perhaps, too secure in our contempt for the ebullitions of intoxicated self-sufficiency—too willing to wait for the attacks of more sober energy—too apt to believe, that any one who cares at all for the matter, will not be really and permanently influenced by insulated eccentricity, striving to show that they who retain our worship as philosophers, poets, orators, dramatists, and sculptors, are only barbarians in respect to architecture—the art to which they were certainly not less devoted than to any other. But, think we as we may, there are now a hundred better than ourselves doing "the needful," if needful it be; and we only hope the evil which may accrue from the personal importance they give to the object of their correction will not more than balance the good they are otherwise effecting. Let us then be clearly understood. The appreciation of classic design (modified, of course, to present wants) is by no means so general or so true as it should be; and therefore we cannot have too much in the way of teaching; but we cannot descend to defending. No Englishman requires to be told that Shakspeare is worthy his admiration; but there are few who may not be taught how, more than they are aware of it, their admiration may be justified—and increased. If we remember rightly, a worthy of Oxford, some time back, wrote a book against the "immortal bard." He may have been a "Graduate" for all we know; but it is certain the silence of the contemptuous many, or at most the smiling pity of the facetious few who mentioned him, did more to give him a repose in oblivion than any serious "counter-check quarrelsome" would have done. Heaven be praised! in this land of liberty any man has a right to be as innocently extravagant as he may please; but it is hoped, at the same time, that the "sage, grave men" of the land are not obliged, on every occasion of extravagance, to leave their serious pursuits and contend personally with the exhibitor.

And yet, in candour, do we not stand somewhat self-committed? Did we not begin this article by showing how the chosen men of the land, and a great architect, and indeed a people in general, may be led away by a newly-revived old fashion? And may we then talk of its being unnecessary to combat absurdity, trusting in the sense and established convictions of the more enlightened public? This must be answered; and thus we would explain. The

medieval mania arose imperceptibly under the slow and industrious cultivation of associated societies of men, whose workings, with all their mischief, had yet much—and very much—good in them; for Gothic architecture had lamentably fallen from the high estimation in which it should ever have been preserved, and they restored it. It was replaced in the Museum of Architectural Design by zealous but quiet effort, not by any means free from jesuitical subtlety and a bitter feeling against the Corinthian pride of St. Paul's; and thus the revival was managed with a silent and unobtrusive power, which continued to operate beyond the just limits of proportional regard, and seduced, not only the popular, but the professional mind, into the splendid mistake of the Westminster Gothic palace. The temporary subjection of popular feeling to the English Gothic fever is, in fact, from many circumstances, not to be wondered at; but we shall be indeed surprised if the marbles of Athens and Rome are to be pelted into powder by the efforts of a single distracted gentleman, in throwing stones at them from Venice.

Among the most pleasing instances of a reviving regard for classic conservatism, is Mr. M. Digby Wyatt's *Pompeian Court in the Crystal Palace* at Sydenham, a representation of which is given in the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 7. Its principal charm is perhaps to be found in its truthfulness as a fac-simile of the real antiquity; but there is, moreover, an Epicurean refinement in its form and decorations, an expression of polished civilisation and gentle but cheerful humanity, which inspire the entering stranger with confident assurance in the mental elegance and moral amiability of the resident possessor. At the same time, while we take the Pompeian house as suggestive, in its general character, of much that might be gracefully admitted into "our house at home," we feel there is, in its mural decoration, a cabinet littleness, which rather reminds one of the Chinese artist. We especially refer to an unaccountable fashion, highly favoured by the Pompeians, of decorating the walls with perspective representations of such a meagre and attenuated architecture as could only be executed in cast metal. If our readers will refer to Knight's *Pompeii: Library of Entertaining Knowledge* (Vol. II. pp. 161 and 315), they will see precisely what we mean. Wherever they treated the human figure, the chances were in favour of an exhibition of perfect art. This is shown in the example against p. 315, just alluded to. But can anything be more elaborately trivial (unvulgar we admit), than the design which forms the frame of the priestess figure? The object may have been to give the figure apparent insulation (and therefore reality) by making it seem to stand midway, in a doorway, between a projecting and receding object. "The attempt," however, "and not the deed" is effected: nor can we help repeating, that the painted perspectives on the Pompeian walls are essentially little better than the queer things on the walls of the houses in Pekin. In truth, nothing has yet appeared to prove that the ancient Greeks and Italians knew anything of painting as an illusive art. Neither linear nor aerial perspective seems to have met with full acceptance. The application of positive colour was carried, in our humble belief, to a most vicious extent; but the use of neutrals, and the power of putting an atmosphere between the foreground and the distance, seem to have been strange to the apprehensions of the ancient painters. We trust, then, that the *Pompeian Court*, in all its antique truth, will remain confined to the Sydenham Palace; and that in our modern houses and villas we shall copy nothing from Pompeii which may be bettered by the paper-hangers and house-decorators of Paris and London.

Talking of painters, we are minded to speak of a monument recently erected in the Church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa de Fiori, to the memory of Titian, at Venice. It is by the Zandomenichi (father and son), and is represented by a beautifully-executed woodcut in the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 19. The sculptural figures and details of this splendid work seem to be of extraordinary amount and beauty, and the general design of the monument has sufficient merit; but the upper part, above the impost-entablatures, is sadly unstudied. It is too plain for the highly-ornamented work next below. The archivolt wants boldness; the cornice should be elevated to give margin and space above the sculptured sunk panels and the top of the arch; the want of a richly-carved key-stone is felt; the setting-in of the blocking course so far, without even a concave curve to connect it with the outer point of the cornice, is also objectionable; but the whole of the remainder is equally good in all its parts and proportions; and we are happy to see that even Venice, whose stones have lately been so angrily employed as missiles against classic design, seems to hold no sympathy with the hurler; for the monument under notice is not less honouring to the immutable fame of Greece and Rome than to Titian's genius and power.

In the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 59, is a view of the interior of the new *Stock Exchange*, London, now building from designs by Mr. Allason, upon whose *début* the editor of the *Builder* speaks with commendatory gratulation. We are to presume, therefore, that Mr. Allason is a young man—or, at least, a new practitioner; and we join, with the better authority just quoted, in complimenting him; hoping, at the

same time, he will not take it amiss, if, without intending any detraction whatever from the credit due to him, we allude to an illustration which his handsome and imposing interior affords of a defect which should, when possible, be avoided. We will take it for granted that, in this case, it could not be avoided. The gentlemen of the Stock Exchange have doubtless taste and feeling for suitable architectural display, but it is not to be expected they would sanction a mere critical propriety which would interfere with their free movements, and which might be obstructive to the full convenience of light and space. With this prefatory admission we would say (confident the architect is with us) that the abutting of the great flying beams of a vaulting ceiling upon an entablature having a long bearing over a void, is hostile to good taste, because opposed to the theory of sound construction. In one part of the vault, the flyers not only spring from above sub-bearing columns, but these columns are connected with a wall, strong in itself, and adding to their stability. In another part of the vault, we see the flyers distressing, as it were, an unrelieved horizontal beam, with a cross strain, which suggests to the imagination deflection and fracture. We therefore feel the want either of two insulated columns under the two great semicircular ribs, or of an arch, after the Roman fashion, under the entablature. No doubt, the work is rendered (by concealed means) actually as strong as if columns or arch had been supplied; but "things should be what they seem; or, those that be not,—would they might seem none." If the architect lies, he should ever "lie like truth."

ART AND ARTISTS.

Cottage Wall Prints. London: Hering and Remington.

THE concluding portion of "Cottage Wall Prints" is now before us. It comprises twelve coloured engravings from the best masters, carefully executed, and preserving the brilliancy of colouring peculiar to the originals. Pictorial instruction has been adopted with universal success on secular subjects; why should it not be attended with equally beneficial results in religious training? We have all more or less felt, in our maturer years, the effect of impressions received through our senses during childhood; it is, therefore, an important question as to whether the rising generation among the poorer classes might not be seriously influenced for good by constant association with these excellent little pictures. At any rate, it is an experiment well worthy of the trial, especially at the small cost of sevenpence for each engraving.

DEATH OF MR. MARTIN, THE HISTORICAL PAINTER.

If originality in conception and power of imagination can entitle the possessor of them to hold a high rank in any walk of art, it must be acknowledged that the great painter whose death we have now to record was pre-eminently worthy of a distinguished place. Of his genius as displayed in his works, it might indeed be fairly said, as Dryden remarked of Shakspeare, that it was "genius shooting wild," and that it is "doubtful whether his faults or his beauties are greatest." Regarded indeed simply as a painter, so far as mere mechanical dexterity in his art is concerned, or the power of imitating natural objects, his rank would be inferior. In the intellectual part of his art, however, he far outstripped most, if not all of his contemporaries. Regarded as one gifted with imaginative powers in a very high degree, and as capable of embodying his thoughts on canvass, he was perhaps superior to any artist, not only of the present, but of any other age. Indeed, if, added to this, grandeur in his ideas, and originality in design, and power of giving effect to his representations, can be considered to entitle a painter to a high station in the epic or dramatic style, Mr. Martin must undoubtedly command a very high degree of admiration. He seems, moreover, to have invented a style of his own, in which none can equal, and very few can approach, him. Like every great and original genius, as was also especially the case with Shakspeare, he has had a host of imitators, but no rivals; many have followed, but few, if any, have approached him.

The main defect of Martin, which is one common to men of original genius, was his mannerism. All his productions bore evidently the impress of the same mind, and are pervaded by the same leading ideas. No one acquainted with his compositions could mistake them for another man's, or those of another man for Martin's. But this is equally the case also with the productions of Rembrandt, and of Turner, and perhaps with those of Shakspeare as well, as it certainly is with those of Spencer. However bold in his conceptions, we do not think that he can ever be justly accused of extravagance, or of violating any rule of nature.

Mr. Martin's principal work was his *Belshazzar's Feast*, with the engravings of which most of our readers will be familiar. Those who have paid any attention to his productions, must have observed how

vast a notion of space he contrives to give, both as regards distance and the magnitude of the objects which he represents, particularly in his buildings, the magnificent architecture of which is in many cases entirely of his own original invention. Connected with this subject, we may here observe that a splendid design was some years ago submitted by him to Government, (of which the engravings are in our possession) for the embankment of the Thames, and the erection of handsome terraces by the side of the river between London-bridge and Westminster. The figures introduced into Mr. Martin's paintings, though often, nay, generally incorrect, are nevertheless always striking and effective. No English painter, except Fuseli, has equalled him as an illustrator of Shakspeare and Milton. His representation of the rising of Pandemonium in his illustrated edition of the latter, is a wonderful triumph of art, and of his peculiar style. Indeed, on himself no fitter title could be bestowed than that of *The Milton of painting*.

Although Mr. Martin's talents were recognised so long ago as the time of Mr. West, the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, who was himself a bold aspirant to the imaginative, as his celebrated picture of *Death upon the Pale Horse* will testify, and who was one of the first to predict Martin's future eminence—he has never been appreciated in this country in a manner at all proportioned to his deserts. On the Continent he has been duly honoured, and not only have his works been exhibited and admired in some of the principal cities abroad, but in Belgium he had conferred upon him, many years ago, the Order of Leopold, and was elected, without solicitation, a Member of the Belgic Academy. The Belgian Government also purchased his *Fall of Ninereh* for two thousand guineas, the price which he himself put upon it.

Few of the exhibitions, however, of the Royal Academy in England have opened of late years without being enriched by one or more productions of his pencil, though he was not himself a member of that distinguished body. He is principally known, perhaps, by the engravings of his pictures, many of which were executed by his own hand. Several years ago he brought out, with Mr. Richard Westall, R.A., a series of illustrations of the Bible, engraved by himself from his own designs. Engravings were also contributed by him to Southey's edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Of these, the representation of the *Valley of the Shadow of Death* was a most striking performance, and the gloomy character of the scene, and the dark mysterious nature of the objects around, well suited his imaginative genius. Indeed, in the portrayal of the supernatural he was unrivalled. The other design represented *The Approach to the Delectable City*. In his illustrations of Milton, to which we have already alluded, scenes both of grandeur and of beauty are depicted, though in the former he doubtless more especially excelled. In daring he equalled even Salvator Rosa, whom he far eclipsed in imaginative power. Posterity will probably regard his productions as among the most wonderful efforts which art has been able to effect; and, as has been the case with the works of many who by their contemporaries were but little esteemed, we doubt not that his paintings will command very high prices when the generation which saw them produced has passed away.

It was in the Isle of Man that this great artist breathed his last, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He had previously had an attack of paralysis. Of the details of his private life we possess no records.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Institute of British Architects have awarded their Royal Gold Medal to Philip Hardwick, Esq. R.A.—The equestrian statuette of the Queen, by Mr. Thornycroft, which was recently submitted to her Majesty and the Prince, and elicited warm commendation, is being executed for the Art Union of London in bronze for prizes.—The committee appointed to carry out the design for a monument to be erected to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington in the City Guildhall have appointed to receive the models of the competing artists in March, those sent in last year having been all rejected.—Mr. Spence has completed, at Rome, the model of a colossal figure, intended for the Sydenham Palace, representing his native city of Liverpool. The figure is dignified and grandly draped, and will be distinguished from her companions in the row of cities by the commercial caduceus and the legendary bird, the liver, which (according to some theorists) was the origin of her name.—Some of the old portraits of kings and councillors in the Bristol Council-house have of late been undergoing a renovating or cleaning process, in course of which, according to the *Bath Chronicle*, a poor daub of a picture was washed entirely off one canvas, and a picture disclosed beneath which is believed to be one of C. Van Steen's, and worth 400 guineas; while in another instance a portrait of Charles II. resolved itself into another representative of his predecessor, James I.—According to the *Athenæum*, Mr. Watts, an artist already known to the art-public by his prize cartoons in Westminster-hall, has been chosen, after some competition, to execute a fresco representing all the lawgivers from Moses to Lord Brougham, and has just

finished his designs, for the west end of Lincoln's-inn hall. According to the same authority, this Noah's Ark of an allegory will include Confucius, Charlemagne, Justinian, King John, &c. It will, of course, exclude many deserving sages, and include many who gave laws against their will.—The *Daily News* makes the following allusion to a forthcoming triumph in the approaching Academy Exhibition, of another Pre-Raphaelite picture:—"In Mr. Hunt's as yet unexhibited picture, to be called, we believe, *The Light of the World*, there will be discovered neither the presumptuous imbecility of modern, nor the worst profanity of ancient, 'sacred art.' The figure of our Saviour standing in a moonlit orchard, knocking at a long-closed door, with a divinely humane expression of pity and long-suffering love, constitutes, with its symbolical accessories, a picture as humanly touching as it is severely spiritual, and as elaborate in its gradually apparent meaning as it is simple and effective in its immediate impressions. It is one of the boldest pictures ever painted, and at the same time the least pretentious; and we know of nothing like it in art for depth, unless it be some of Tintoretto's symbolical works, as interpreted by Mr. Ruskin."—Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, has been combating the alleged heresies and paradoxes, delivered in that city by Mr. Ruskin, in his recent course of lectures before the Philosophical Association. Mr. Blackie read a paper on "Mr. Ruskin and Greek Architecture," before the Architectural Institute, in which the excessive laudation of Gothic, at the expense of Greek architecture, was censured, the beauty and effects of the two styles not being subjects of comparison. Mr. Ruskin's theory about religious faith being necessary for high art, was also shown to be fanciful, some of the noblest works being by sceptics, while men of the noblest faith and truest piety, such as the Covenanters, abhorred every idea of the fine arts.—A return has been made to the House of Commons on the state and progress of the Art-decoration of the House of Commons. The return presents a short account of what has been done, and gives a list of the several statues and paintings completed or in progress, with a statement of their destination and expense. The estimate of their cost is as follows:—House of Lords, fresco paintings, 4800*l*.; metal statues, 4680*l*.; upper waiting-hall, fresco painting, 3500*l*.; St. Stephen's-hall, statues, 8600*l*.; the Prince's chamber, statues, 3835*l*.; bas-reliefs, 750*l*.; portrait of Henry VII., 50*l*.; the Queen's robing-room, 4800*l*.; the Peers' robing-room, 9000*l*.; the Peers' corridor, 3650*l*.; the Commons' corridor, 3650*l*.; sundry works, 220*l*.; and adding 5800*l*. expended in premiums in the Exhibitions of 1843 and 1847, and for the purchase of two cartoons exhibited in 1845, the total cost of what has been undertaken will amount to 53,335*l*. of which the sum of 29,660*l*. has been already paid. The remainder will only be required by degrees, for a large proportion of the works are not completed.—A statue of Jefferson, third President of the United States, has been cast in the royal foundry at Munich, under the direction of Hiram Powers, who formed the model for it.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

M. BENEDICT will be the conductor at the approaching Musical Festival at Norwich.—Mrs. Theodore Martin (formerly Helen Faucit) has appeared at the Edinburgh Theatre for six nights.—The Wednesday Concerts are about to migrate from Exeter Hall to St. Martin's Hall.—Signor Lablache has at last joined the company at the Royal Italian Opera, and the season there will possibly be opened by Madame Alboni.—The latest decision in the Wagner case has been given in the Queen's Bench. Lord Campbell minutely summed up the evidence to the jury. He said there were three questions for their consideration. The first was, whether the agreement which had been entered into between the plaintiff and Miss Wagner remained in force at the time when it was alleged the defendant had induced her to break it; secondly, whether the defendant induced Miss Wagner to break the agreement, and whether she broke it in consequence of his inducement; and thirdly, whether the defendant at that time knew that the agreement between Miss Wagner and the plaintiff was then in existence. On those questions Lord Campbell's direction in point of law in reference to the agreement was, that the payment of the 300*l*. on the 15th of March was a condition precedent, and that if it was not performed Miss Wagner was at liberty to renounce the agreement. The jury found the first two questions in the affirmative, and the third in the negative. This amounted to a verdict for the defendant. In the course of the trial, several witnesses were called to show the damage sustained by Mr. Lumley through Miss Wagner's breach of contract. Dresses, costing several hundred pounds, had been prepared for the representation of the *Prophète* and *Huguenots*, and expense was incurred in copying music. It was stated, that during the thirty-nine nights of Jenny Lind's performance in 1847, the receipts were 45,924*l*., whereas for the whole fifty-six nights in 1852 the takings were only 2800*l*.. There was a "Lind fever," and there would have been a "Wagner fever;" the loss was caused by the nonappearance

of Miss Wagner; and Cruvelli and Lablache performed to empty boxes. In consequence of the disappointment, the payments of Mr. Allico for boxes sank from 5000*l*. to 150*l*.; and Mr. Mitchell, who had taken boxes and stalls for sixty-six nights, put an end to his contract at the end of the forty-seventh night. Mr. Mitchell paid in all 10,600*l*., and lost 5000*l*.; Mr. Lumley gave up 4800*l*. It was sought to be shown by cross-examination that the boxes were empty because Sontag, who had not been paid her last year's salary, would not come; that Fiorentini could not get paid, and went away; that Cruvelli only sang when she got paid; and that Cerito was not there.

The new opera of Meyerbeer was successfully executed for the first time on Thursday, the 16th ult. at the Opéra Comique at Paris. M. Scribe has supplied the libretto of the *Northern Star*, as the piece is called.—There is an account in this week's *Gazette Musicale* of the first volume of a vast publication devoted to Catholic music, by the Canon Proschke, of Ratisbon.—Mozart's *Idomeneo* has been revived with great success at Dresden; and Mademoiselle Jenny Ney, a young singer of rising reputation, who is expected in London this season, made a powerful impression in the character of the heroine, *Electra*. At Berlin, Gluck's *Orfeo* is announced, with Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner in the part of *Eurydice*. These revivals of the works of the great old masters furnish good examples to the manager (or managers, for there may perhaps be two this season) of our Italian Opera.

Wagner is writing an opera which will occupy three evenings in the performance! The subject is from the "Niebelungen Lied."—Lieutenant-General Luwof, a Russian composer, has retired from the military service, and has been appointed by the Czar director in chief of the musical establishments of St. Petersburg.—Mrs. Mowat, the American actress, has quitted the stage, as she is about to wed a gentleman of fortune.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

IN addition to the "British Classics" of Mr. Murray and Mr. Bohn, several plans of cheap books are announced. A People's Edition of *Macaulay's Essays*, in weekly numbers, new and cheaper issues, by Hurst and Blackett, of *Pepys's Diary* and *Madame D'Arbury's Memoirs*. Mr. Murray has also a series in preparation, comprising all his recent and most popular publications.—Among the recent "war books" are *A Handbook to the Eastern Question*; new editions of Schnitzler's *Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia under Alexander and Nicholas*; *The Progress of Russia in the East*, an historical narrative brought down to the present time; Dr. Newman's *Lectures on the History of the Turks in their relation to Christianity*; *A Year with the Turks*, by Warrington W. Smyth; Turnerelli's *Russia on the Borders of Asia, with Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Rasan, the ancient Capital of the Tartar Khans*; *The Russians of the South*, by Shirley Brooks; *The Russians in Wallachia, including an Account of the Battle of Ottenitz, on the 4th November*, by one who was present; *Turkey and Christendom*, an historical sketch of the relations between the Ottoman Empire and the States of Europe, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, with additions, for the "Travellers' Library;" Captain Slade's *Travels in Turkey, and Cruise in the Black Sea, with the Capitán Pacha*; a third edition of Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*; Colonel Chesney's *Account of the Russo-Turkish Campaigns*; and Patrick O'Brien's *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities during the present Winter*.—Silvio Pellico has left behind him a great number of manuscripts, which are in course of preparation for the press. A brother of the deceased poet is his literary executor. Among the works left in MS. is an autobiographical memoir, entitled *My Life before and after my Imprisonment*.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle has written to the New York Mercantile Library Association that he is unable, in consequence of previously-accepted engagements, to visit America the present season.—Sir David Brewster has been elected one of the twelve members of the Italian Society of Sciences of Modena, in succession to the late M. Arago.—The Rev. H. G. Williams, Fellow of Emanuel College, has been elected Professor of Arabic to the University of Cambridge, in the room of Professor Jarratt, who has been promoted to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew.

On Tuesday week the Rev. Charles Kingsley delivered the first of a course of lectures on the Alexandrian Philosophy, in connection with the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh.—The promoters of the Guild of Literature and Art have made an application to Parliament for leave to deposit a petition for an Act.—Portsmouth is the only town in England which, when fairly polled on the question, has resolved not to create a free public library for all classes.—The Faussett collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities has been purchased (at the price at which it was valued, 800*l*.) by Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool.—Mr. A. H. Layard delivered a lecture on Wednesday evening, on his own recent discoveries in the East, at the Beaumont Institution, Mile-end, on behalf of the

parish schools of St. Thomas, Stepney. He stated that the Assyrian works showed power, taste, and accuracy: and, as a proof of the last, he mentioned that, in a bas-relief of a lion-hunt, they had given the animal a claw in his tail, a peculiar feature of the Asiatic breed.—A learned society is in course of formation, to be called the "Palestine Archaeological Association." The object is to promote the study of antiquities in the intermediate districts between Egypt on the one side and Assyria on the other. "If Egypt and Assyria," says the prospectus of the society, "have afforded so many valuable monuments to the truth of history and tradition, it may reasonably be expected that Palestine would yield as rich a harvest."

—If Lord John's new Reform Bill become law, the University of London will have a member representing its rights and personifying its dignity in Parliament. The Inns of Court are to send two members to the reformed House of Commons—which may also be considered in the light of a concession to intelligence. Graduates of Universities, again, are to enjoy the franchise in virtue of their collegiate position, as apart from personal, residential, or other qualifications.

—At their recent book sale, Messrs. Sotheby and Co. disposed of a number of curious and interesting works at good prices. The volumes were in good condition. Among other works, the following obtained the prices annexed:—Allot's England's Parnassus (1600) brought 3*l.* 3*s.*; Donne's Poems, a fine large copy, 7*l.* 10*s.*; Drummond of Hawthornden's Poems, 6*l.*; Book of Christian Prayers, known as Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book, 10*l.*; a fine copy of Coryat's Crudities, 10*l.* 15*s.*; The Book of Fayttes of Armes and Chyvalry, by Caxton, with two leaves in fac-similes, 77*l.*; Chaucer's Works, the edition of 1542, 10*l.* 5*s.*; a gorgeous Oriental Manuscript, from the palace of Tippoo Saib, enriched with 157 large paintings, full of subject, 112*l.*; Horæ Virginis Mariæ, a charming Flemish manuscript, with twelve exquisite illuminations of a high class, 100*l.*; Milton's Minor Poems, first edition, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Navarre Nouvelles, fine paper, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Fenton's Certaine Tragical Discourses, first edition, 11*l.*; Latimer's Sermons, Daye, 1571, 14*l.*; Milton's Comus, first edition, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Milton's Paradise Lost, first edition, 12*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Froissart, Chroniques, first edition, 22*l.* 15*s.*; a fine copy of Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, 5 vols. 69*l.*; the original edition of Holinshed's Chronicles, 16*l.* 10*s.*; the original edition of Laud's Book of Common Prayer, 12*l.* 15*s.*; a superb copy of Montfaucon's Works, with the Monarchie Française, 50*l.*; Works of Sir Thomas More, with the rare leaf, 14*l.* 5*s.*; Shakspeare's Life of Sir John Old-castle (1600), 11*l.*; A Midsummer Nights Dreame (1600), 18*l.* 5*s.*; Shakspeare's Comedies, fine copy of the second edition, 28*l.*; the celebrated Letter of Cardinal Pole, printed on large paper, of which two copies only are known, 64*l.*; Purchas his Pilgrimes, 5 vols., a fine copy, with the rare frontispiece, 65*l.* 10*s.*; King James's Holy Bible, 10*l.* 15*s.*; Sir John Harrington's Englishman's Doctor (1608), 6*l.* 6*s.*; Herrick's Hesperides, 4*l.*

The Parliament House at Quebec, with the buildings attached, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 1st ult.—The International Copyright Treaty has been reported from the American Committee on Foreign Relations without any recommendation, but with an amendment "providing that the protection afforded to foreign authors shall apply only to their books reprinted in America."—A Swedish gentleman named Wiberg has constructed a new compositors' machine, which is said to succeed perfectly. He has left for England, where he will patent his invention. In Denmark the printing machine of Sørensen (which was exhibited in the Crystal Palace) has been perfected, and will now be used in the establishment of the *Pædrelandet*.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

PRINCESS'S AND DRURY LANE.—*Tico Richards* in the Field.

HAYMARKET.—*Ranelagh*.

OLYMPIC.—*Struggle for Gold*.

MR. C. KEAN has revived Colley Cibber's version of *Richard the Third*, and on the "fly leaf" of his play-bill has assured the audience that this version is more effective than the play as Shakspeare wrote it. Though Mr. Kean will find it difficult, in the face of the late success of the legitimate version at Sadler's Wells, to convert the frequenters of his house to this opinion, he has thoroughly satisfied them that there was ample room for improvement in the mode of putting the play on the stage. The grouping, the costumes, the whole scenic effects, are so true to history, and artistically so beautiful, that *Richard the Third* has been accepted as another of Mr. Kean's successful and enterprising revivals. The character of Richard is, not well suited to him, but he does not commit any glaring fault or startling indiscretion. As far as the acting goes, however, the outlay and pains involved are hardly compensated; but the piece will attract for its gorgeous display and its laborious accuracy. Of the other *Richard* (Mr. G. V. Brooke) report and the critics speak even less favourably, and he has had to contend against the drawbacks of old properties and traditional scenery, both of which might have served very well at any other time; but to the spectator fresh from Oxford-street, they seem very dingy indeed.

Mr. Palgrave Simpson has grafted on to the story and incident of a modern French *vaudeville* certain gay characters and gay doings of the reign of George II. For French wit he has substituted the banter of not over-refined English saloons, and for a ball in Paris a masquerade at Ranelagh. In truth, the author has managed to reflect the loose habits of a dissipated and abandoned race of Englishmen, in the excesses of a dissolute husband, who is saved from total disgrace only by the zealous activity of his wife; this wife, in turn, well nigh compromising her own character in the effort to rescue him. The play was well received, and the sparkling dialogue kept the audience in a roar; but we observe that it has given way to Miss Cushman's superior attractions as *Meg Merrilies*.

At the Marylebone a version of the French piece which has been so successful at the Adelphi is very creditably put on the stage under the title of *The Struggle for Gold*. Mr. Wallack and Mr. Shalders both distinguish themselves, and the ice scene has been elaborated with good effect. Citizens who undertake the four-mile walk to see it, will not regret their labour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WYCLIFFE'S OLD TESTAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In Mr. Bell's *Mystery Unveiled*, which has received well-merited commendation in the CRITIC, there is the strange statement, and not made for the first time, that Wycliffe's Old Testament still "remains unprinted" (p. 521.) Now such a statement as this, and made in two different quarters, is, in the present days of rapid and easy intercommunication, rather "too bad." This great work has been printed and published now nearly four years, having appeared in four large quarto volumes, from the *University Press*, Oxford, in 1850. Parties surely should be aware of this, and not be helping on now the probable lamentations as to want of regard towards Wycliffe—forgetfulness of his services—and "Why don't the bishops get it printed? great shame!" and so forth. All this has been accomplished, and more. Learned and useful prolegomena appear in the first volume, and an ample glossarial index in the fourth; and the versions are, besides, two, given in double columns;—in short, it is a fine work.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LECTOR.

OBITUARY.

MARTIN.—On the 17th ult. at the house of Thomas Wilson, Esq., Douglas, Isle of Man, aged 64, John Martin, the historical painter, K.L., of Lindsey-house, Chelsea. (See "Art and Artists," in the present number.)

SAINVILLE.—At the close of January, at Pau, M. Sainville, who for many a day was a tower of strength to the broad facade of the Théâtre Palais-Royal of Paris.

VEDDER.—On the 11th ult. at Newington, near Edinburgh, Mr. David Vedder, a poetical writer, and a contributor to periodicals. (See "Authors and Books," in the present number.)

THE AUTHOR OF "ALTON LOCKE," IN EDINBURGH.—A correspondent of the *Edinburgh Guardian* thus discourses of the Rev. C. Kingsley and his lectures in Edinburgh:—"15th. Last night I went to the Queen-street Hall to hear Mr. Kingsley—probably the first English clergyman who ever lectured in connection with the Philosophical Institution. Throughout the winter, I have been looking forward with great interest to these lectures, for there are very few men in the country I was more anxious to see and hear than the author of *Yeast* and *Hypatia*. My desire has been gratified in both respects, and I must record the result. To say the truth, then, I was thoroughly disappointed in Mr. Kingsley's appearance and manner,—disappointed in much the same way that I was with Mr. Ruskin; so that I think I shall altogether give up forming ideals of celebrated men,—give up the expectation of finding in the index of outward bearing any decisive personality at all; for the tendency of modern custom is to make all men (certainly all clergymen) one—one at least in the accidents of expression,—in the mask of a common manner. But, indeed, my notion of Mr. Kingsley was not an ideal at all; it was derived from the description of a Cambridge man who had seen him in Macmillan's shop. According to this description, he was tall and thin, with a strong wiry frame, loose black hair, heavy brows, resolute aquiline sort of face, with by no means handsome features, but a noble expression of intelligence and power. Being summer-time, he was dressed in a light shooting-jacket, with a check sporting cravat, and a genuine Jim Crow. I felt at once that this sketch was essentially credible; but on seeing and hearing the lecturer last night I could hardly withstand the conviction that that representation of Kingsley was essentially incredible. Of course I did not expect to see him in a summer or a morning dress; but with the above sketch before me, and the remembrance of his daring individuality of thought and speech fresh in my mind, I confess I was considerably put out on finding in the lecturer an

orthodox clergyman, in whom all clerical conventions were carried to an extreme. The dress, of course, black, with white cravat and white gloves (perhaps here there was a shade of deviation, lavender being the hyper-orthodox colour); the manner subdued, solemn, and slightly embarrassed; and the style of reading more disappointingly official than all; for the lecture was delivered throughout in that measured, monotonous sing-song tone which is never heard except in clergymen, and in clergymen only when they read the service or their own manuscript. I say this intoning was to me the most disappointing feature of the lecture, because the natural tone of the voice is so expressive, and in its spontaneous change there is so much of individual character. It was, too, peculiarly unfit for a lecture like Mr. Kingsley's; for it concealed, instead of bringing out, the happy epithets of quiet satire, the touches of humour and of vivid description, with which it abounded, so that, in fact, you had to detect these yourself in spite of the reading, rather than by the help of it. I am disposed to think, after all, however, that this style of reading may in Kingsley's case be the result of necessity rather than of choice, and so ought not to be complained of; for he naturally hesitates in speaking, and to prevent this it may be necessary to read in a measured mechanical way. He stammers as he becomes excited, and if he were impassioned he would be scarcely able probably to speak at all. Passing from the manner to the matter, the lecture was excellent throughout, indicating the general features of the era treated of, with much Attic brevity, picturesqueness, and precision, seizing at the very central point of their character the first physical philosophers of the Alexandrian school, and giving, sometimes in a single luminous sentence, the result of their labours. Those who have read *Hypatia* will be familiar with the general doctrine of the lectures; and those who know the Alexandrian school can scarcely expect to get much new information; but all will find, in listening to Mr. Kingsley, what is better far than mere names and dates—flashes of true insight into the life of the time, a profound sense of the essentially human character of its conflicts, with their relation to the questions agitated to-day, and an indication of the victory over them to be found in that higher truth of which the lecturer is the minister."

PAPER FROM WOOD.—A patent for the manufacture of paper from wood fibre has been taken out by Messrs. Watt and Burgess. It is said to be equal to any writing-paper now selling at 7*d.* a pound. The cost of production is said to be somewhat under 25*s.* a ton—more than 12*l.* less than the price of rag paper now in use. What with straw paper, and wood paper, there seems to be an end to the fear of rags not being capable of coping with the growing literary wants of the age. Doubtless it was this very fear, together with the cost of rag paper, which led inventive minds to the idea of using other fibrous substances, such as straw and wood, as substitutes for linen and cotton fibre in the composition of paper.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.—We understand that Dr. Edwards and Mr. J. A. Forest are engaged with Mr. Hurntup, at the Royal Observatory, in attempting to obtain photographs of the moon. In connection with this subject, we may refer such of our readers as take any interest in it to an article in the *Dublin University Magazine* of last month, on "The lunar world and its wonders," of which, if our space would have admitted, we intended giving a short abstract. At present we can only say that it fixes 500 as the highest power that can be applied with advantage in obtaining photographs of the moon—any higher power tending to distortion of form or indistinctness of detail.—*Liverpool Photographic Journal*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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THE PROPOSED ECCLESIASTICAL REFORM BILL.

1. That no Clergyman shall hold more than one Living, and that he be resident thereon.
2. That the offices of Archbishop, Dean, Rural Dean, Archdeacon, Canon, and Prebend be abolished, and their revenues applied to the general purposes of the Church.
3. That Church Rates, Marriage and Baptismal Fees, and Easter Offerings be abolished.
4. That no Clergyman shall fill the office of a civil magistrate.
5. That Bishops shall cease attendance at the House of Lords.
6. That Churchwardens must be communicant members of the Congregation.
7. That there shall be One Hundred Dioceses.
8. That each Diocese shall be divided into four Synods—each Synod to be presided over by a Suffragan Bishop.
9. That an Annual Meeting shall take place of the Clergy and Churchwardens in each Diocese, in the proportion of one-third of each, presided over by the Bishop, to take into consideration the spiritual state of the Diocese; a Report of the same to be submitted to the General Council of the Church—the said Diocesan Meetings to take place annually in the month of April.
10. That there shall be an Annual General Council of the Church in June, to include the Bishops, two Suffragans, and three Lay Delegates from each Diocesan Synod.
11. That in this General Council all matters of Doctrine, Discipline, and Government of the Church shall be decided.
12. That Livings shall be divided in accordance with the opinion of the General Council.
13. That Patrons shall submit the names of six persons to the Suffragan Synod, in which the vacancy occurs, that the said Synod may select the most suitable individual to fill the vacant Incumbency.
14. That all Livings now in the gift of the Crown, Bishops, and other Church Dignitaries, shall be withdrawn from the same; and the future occupiers of the said Livings be chosen by the Suffragan Synod in which the vacancy occurs.
15. That Curates shall be nominated by the General Council, wherever they may deem them requisite; but the nomination of the individual shall be with the Suffragan Synod.
16. That every attempt to sell a Nomination to a Living shall be punished by confiscation of the said patronage to the Suffragan Synod; and every attempt to purchase a Nomination shall be visited on the clerical delinquent by a deprivation of Holy Orders.
17. That the Diocesan Synods shall elect the Bishops and Suffragans from the Clergy of the Diocese where the vacancy occurs.
18. That it shall be in the power of the General Council to depose any Bishop or Suffragan whose conduct has not been in accordance with the Articles of the Church, or the Christian Faith, as maintained by the said Council.
19. That the Clergy shall be paid as follows:—Curates, 200*l.* per annum; Country Incumbents, 300*l.* per annum, with free house; Town Incumbents, 400*l.* per annum, with free house; Suffragans, 1000*l.* per annum, with free house; Bishops, 2000*l.* per annum, with free house.
20. That on Easter Sunday in each year there shall be a collection in every Church in the kingdom, the proceeds thereof to be presented to the Incumbent; each incumbent to receive the collection made by his own congregation. A similar collection to be made on Whit-Sunday for the Curate or Curates, if any; otherwise no collection.
21. That the property of the Church shall be administered by a Board of Commissioners, composed exclusively of Lay Churchmen, appointed by the Government, and subject on all points to the jurisdiction and investigation of Parliament.
22. That all pew-rents shall be received by the Board of Commissioners, who shall hold the Churchwardens of each Congregation responsible for the same, allowing deductions for repairs and other Church expenses.
23. That the Ecclesiastical Courts, as at present existing, shall be abolished; that suits therein shall be transferred to the Civil Courts, and that Clergymen guilty of any ecclesiastical offence shall be tried by a court of fifteen persons, composed of eight Clergymen and seven Churchwardens, selected by the Suffragan of another Synod, from the Clergy thereof, and to be presided over by the said Suffragan; a majority of two-thirds to be necessary for conviction, and a simple majority to acquit; that the delinquent may appeal against the sentence of the said court to his own Bishop, who shall then call another court from the Clergy and Churchwardens of the diocese, to be presided over by the Bishop; the decision of which shall be final.
24. That the present possessors of Livings shall enjoy them during life; the proposed reforms to take place on their death.

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